



Bible Morning Gories

Wake with the world
O children!
Rise with the sun and sing!
Over our souls is risen
He who is Christ
our King.



Abbie C. Morrow.

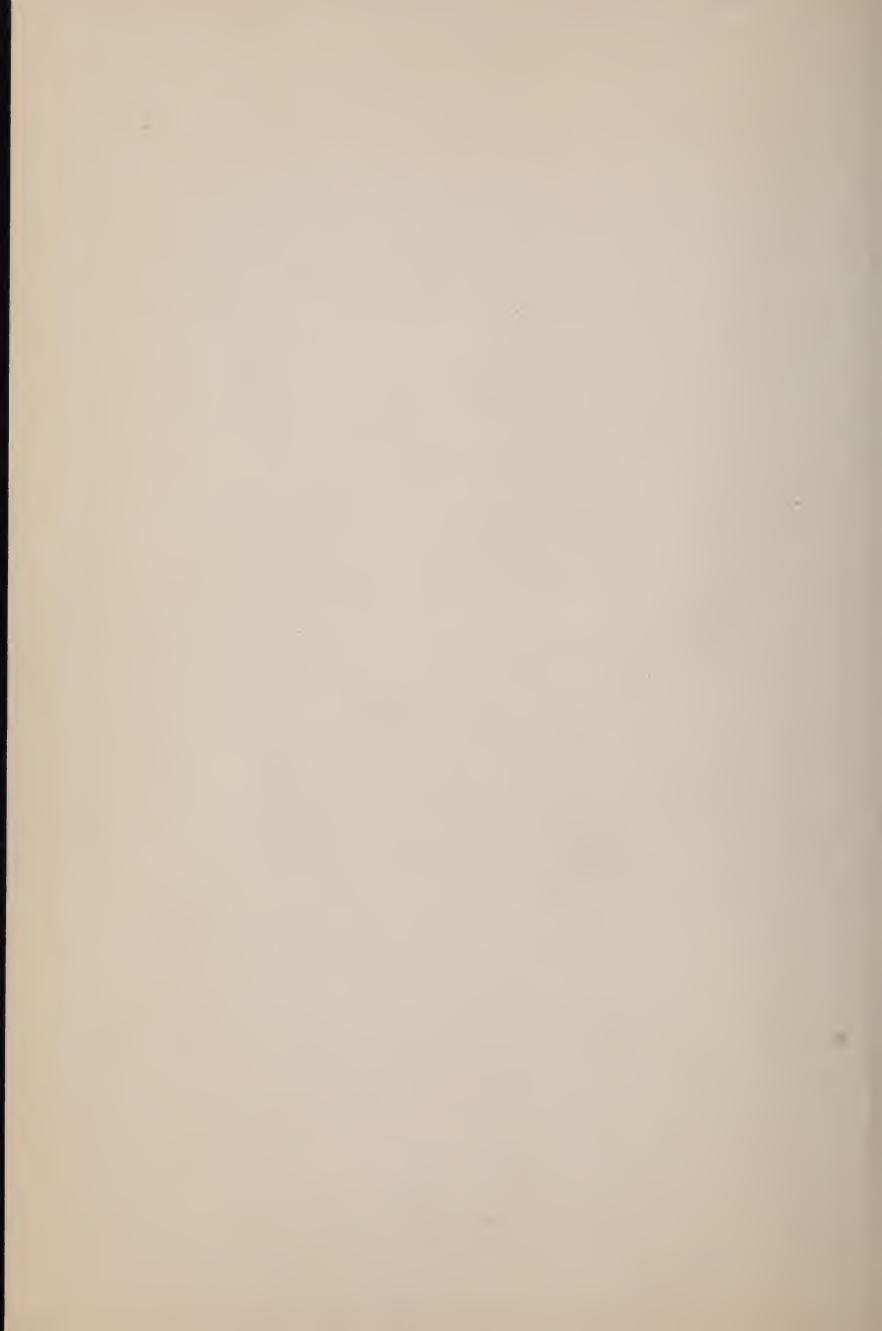
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BIBLE MORNING GLORIES

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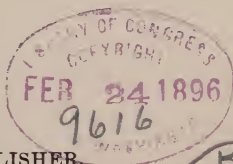
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ABBIE C. MORROW.

A BOOK OF DAILY DEVOTION
FOR CHILDREN AND YOUNG PEOPLE.

Wake with the world, O children!
Rise with the sun and sing!
Over our souls is risen
He who is Christ, our King.

CHICAGO, ILL.:
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1897



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TO THE

CREATOR
HRIST
OMFORTER

WHO

L OVED
OVED
LOVED

AND

G AVE, Jno. 3:16.
AVE, Eph. 5:2.
IVES, Ro. 5:5.

THIS BOOK IS

REVERENTLY AND LOVINGLY

DEDICATED.

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INTRODUCTION.

In one way children are like flowers, God made them both to be beautiful.

Flowers have no mind or will to refuse to obey their Heavenly Father, only a form or body, which is always beautiful, because it must grow just as God would have it.

Children have a soul and spirit as well as a body, and so are made to be beautiful in mind and heart as well as in body. But because they have a mind and heart they may choose not to grow as God wants them to grow, and then they are not as beautiful as God meant them to be.

What is it to be beautiful in mind and in heart? To say loving words and do loving deeds. To be kind and helpful at home, to study hard at school, to be unselfish in play.

God has more ways for children to grow than for flowers. Flowers need only to grow sweet to look at but children must grow sweet in looks, and words, and deeds. And let me tell you a secret grown-up people have found out. Sweet words and sweet deeds make a sweet face. Think a moment and see if a little girl seems lovely to you when she is cross and unkind, and when she does not tell the truth, even though her face be lovely.

How can children grow just as God wants them to grow? By learning about Jesus, God's only Son, whom He sent into the world to make it bright with beautiful lives. The Morning Glory opens its pretty cup and grows sweet and fair only when the sun shines on it. If there are clouds between it and the sun the buds remain fast closed. Jesus is the Sun of Righteousness (that is right living,) and makes every heart and mind that looks up to Him beautiful

with the sunshine of pardon, purity, peace and piety, and children grow pleasant every day when they let Him come into their lives as the Morning Glory receives the sun. He is always shining upon the children, but sometimes the clouds of forgetfulness hide Him, and then it is that they do wrong deeds, say wrong words, and have unlovely faces. But as soon as they remember to look up to Him the clouds of unhappiness go away.

The little talks in this book are called Bible Morning Glories, because they are written to be read early in the morning when you read your Bible; and to help you to remember to look up in prayer and praise to Jesus, the Sun of Righteousness, and to show you that, as the sun makes the Morning Glory lovely in its life, so Jesus can make you lovely by helping you to live a life of pity, patience and power, beautiful as the bloom of the Morning Glory; and to teach you the joy of knowing that Jesus is coming by and by to take us all to the Paradise He has gone to prepare for us.

LILY LATHBURY.

PREFACE.

This little book of daily devotion is meant to be read early in the morning, in connection with your Bible.

Read the texts at the head of the Morning Glory for the day and mark them in your Bible according to the directions given.

Read the chapter, marking the other texts as you come to them, either with crayon or colored inks.

Pray the prayer at the end of the Morning Glory. Let the thought be with you all the day to help you.

If you cannot do all this, early in the morning, learn one text, earnestly offer the prayer at the end, and then, later in the day, read the Morning Glory.

May He who prompted the desire to write the book, bless every one, young and old, every time they read it, is the prayer of,

THE AUTHOR.

Our First Morning Glory.

PASSOVER.

"Christ our Passover is sacrificed for us." 1 Co. 5: 7.

(Underscore each word of the texts with red, and put a tiny Latin cross † on the margin.)

You remember the story of Israel in bondage in Egypt, and how when the time for them to go out free had come, God told every family to take a lamb, a white, gentle, patient, spotless lamb, and kill it and sprinkle its blood over the top and on the sides of the door. Then when the death angel came that way to smite the first born of the wicked Egyptians he would see the blood on the houses of Israel and pass over them all. Ex. 12: 23.

Christ is our Passover. He was the lamb of God. Because He died we live.

On the ledge of the roof of a chapel in Germany, is a carved stone lamb. This is how it came there. Years ago where the lamb now stands, a man was busy repairing the roof of the chapel, sitting in a basket fastened by a rope. Suddenly the rope which held the basket gave way and he fell down, down from the great height, to the ground below! Every one who saw the dreadful

accident expected that the man would be killed, for the ground was covered with sharp stones. But he rose from the ground quite unhurt. A poor lamb had strayed up to the side of the chapel, in search of the sweet young grass among the stones and the man fell on the soft body of the lamb. It saved his life; for he escaped with the mere fright and with not so much as a finger broken. But the poor lamb was killed by the heavy fall upon it. Out of gratitude the man had the stone lamb carved and set up as a memento of his escape from a fearful death, and what he owed to the lamb. Is not this a beautiful story? Does not it remind you of how we are redeemed with "the precious blood of Christ, as of a lamb without blemish?" 1 Pe. 1: 18, 19.

Jack was a naughty boy and abused his cousin Susie in many ways. When he would hurt her he would say, "I don't care." Susie was a gentle little girl, and one day he threw her ball into the fire, pulled her hair, and hurt her arm so much that it bled. He was shut up in a dark room, and only given prisoner's fare, bread and water. He kept saying, "I don't care." After staying there for three days with only bread and water as food he kept saying still, "I don't care."

Then Susie said, "Mother, mayn't I go and be shut up while Jack comes out to see how pleas-

ant it is? There is no sun there nor anything." Her mother told her that she might. She went up to Jack's door and said, "I asked mother if I might come and take your place Jack, while you go out and see how pleasant it is; it is so dismal and lonely here." Jack looked at her and said, "What a fool you are," and he walked slowly out. Susie was locked in. At dinner time Jack took the bread and water up to Susie. After dark he said, "Must Susie stay there all night if I don't?" "Yes," said Mrs. Stone. Tears started in Jack's eyes. He ran up stairs and darted into the dark chamber, and said, "Susie, you are the best girl I ever knew. I will never treat you so again. I am sorry, I am. I will be a good boy, I will. Susie, what makes you so good to me?" He threw his arms around her neck and cried as if his heart would break. It made a good boy out of him to know that Susie had taken his place of punishment. Jesus took our place.

"He bare our sins." 1 Pe. 2: 24.

"With His stripes we are healed." Isa. 53: 5.

He loved us and gave Himself for us. Eph. 5: 2.

It will make us good to realize that Christ died for us.

A beautiful Hebrew story tells that on the day of the Passover a little daughter in one of the

Hebrew houses lay sick. She was the first born and exposed to the hand of the Destroyer. As the day drew to its close her father came and sat beside her, when she said, "Father, has the blood been sprinkled?" "Do not worry, little daughter," he replied, "the servants will attend to that."

She lay quietly for a little time, then turning her pale, eager face to him, asked again, "My father *is* the blood upon the door-posts?"

"Lie still, little one; the lamb without blemish was selected four days ago, I told the servants to attend to it and they surely will." Silence again fell over them, but as the rays of the setting sun streamed over her couch, she laid her feverish hand upon her father, and stretching out her little arms, said piteously, "Take me, father, and let me *see* the *blood*."

Lovingly he carried her to the open door. "There, my child, see—" Ah! it was *not* there, and the evening hour so near—the Death-Angel might already be on his way. Hastily he laid her down and dashing out of the door grasped the sharpened knife and sprang to where the selected lamb waited patiently. No servant would do now—his own hand must shield his little one. Back he rushes with the hyssop-branch and the crimson life-blood streams over door-posts and

lintel, then falling upon his knees beside his child, he covers the trembling little hands with tears and kisses, crying, "Under the blood, my child, *you are under the blood*, the Destroyer cannot reach my little one!"

Hyssop, the lowly, coarse, common grass that grew by the roadside, stands for humility and faith; for the personal, yielding act of obedient faith by which we take the salvation Christ died to obtain for us. Anyone could gather a bunch of hyssop. Anyone, even a little child can "believe . . . and . . . be saved." Ac. 16: 31. Faith is as common as the hyssop.

We live by faith. We eat, we sleep, we work by faith. We trust our parents and friends. We trust the bed to hold us, the chair to support us, the food to nourish us. The same faith in God that we have in people and things gives us a perfect salvation.

"The child leans on its parent's breast,
Leaves there its cares and is at rest;
The bird sits singing by his nest,
And tells aloud
His trust in God, and so is blest
'Neath every cloud.

The heart that trusts forever sings,
And feels as light as it had wings;
A well of peace within it springs;
Come good or ill,
What'er to-day, to-morrow brings,
It is His will."

OUR PRAYER. Blessed Lord we praise Thee for Christ our Passover sacrificed for us! We bless Thee that Jesus took our place and suffered for our sins. We thank Thee that we do believe that Thou dost save us and that Thou wilt keep us.

Our Second Morning Glory.

PENITENCE.

"Repent ye, and believe the Gospel." Mk. 1:15.

(Mark the texts on Penitence in blue ink and enclose the sentences in brackets. [] Blue is true.)

Repentance is sorrow for sin and forsaking it,
a change of mind which leads to a change of life.

"Repentance is to leave
The sin we loved before,
And show that we in earnest grieve,
By doing so no more."

If we repent of sin we shall be willing to confess it.

One day some people were visiting a school among some deaf and dumb children. One of the visitors wrote on the board, and asked the children what they thought was the best thing in the world. Some answered, on the board, one thing and some another. At last one little girl wrote, Repentance. Then they asked her to explain what she meant. She said one time she had been naughty and was out in the back yard so unhappy; and she thought she would go and ask her mother's forgiveness. She ran into the house and confessed her sin to her mother and

asked her forgiveness. The mother drew her little daughter's arms around her neck and kissed her and wept. And the little girl thought that the sweetest thing in the world was repentance, because it made her so happy.

If we repent of sin we shall try to undo it.

Two boys had been stealing apples, and they somehow didn't feel happy after all their trouble; they had finally been successful, and were eating them. I say they really did not feel happy, they had obtained what they had wanted, but somehow there was such a mean feeling about it. Finally Tom said: "I'm sorry we stole these, they sort of choke me." Then Ned spoke up: "So am I Tom, and what's more, I'm going to give them back, and it's the last thing I'll ever steal, it doesn't pay." Tom had too much of what he called pride, but what was really meanness, to own up and give back. But Ned went to the man he had wronged and returned him as many apples as he had stolen, asking his forgiveness. Then he went to the God he had wronged, and received the forgiveness waiting for him. Now which boy repented? Tom was sorry and ashamed. But Ned repented. To repent is to not only be sorry for sin, but to undo it as far as possible and turn our back upon it. To turn right around and go a different way.

If we repent of sin we shall be willing to be punished for it.

A baby boy was playing with his little cart in the yard hauling dirt to the currant bushes. In a little while his mother missed him. There stood baby's cart in the path, but the little boy was gone. "Allen, Allen, where are you Allen?" his mamma called. "I'se here," said a small voice from the back parlor.

"What are you there for?" asked his mother, opening the door and looking in. Allen did not answer at first. He was standing in the corner, with a sober look on his face. "Come out to your little cart," said his mother; "it is waiting for another run." "I'se not here long 'nuff," said the little boy.

"What are you doing here at all," asked his mother. "I's punishing my own self. I picked some green currants and they went into my mouth," said Allen. "O, when mother told you not to! Green currants will make my little boy sick," said his mother, in a sorry tone.

"You needn't punish me," said Allen, "I punish my own self." His mother often put him in the back parlor alone when he had been a naughty boy, and he took the same way to punish himself.

"In a little village, a poor old woman lived

with a pretty granddaughter. One day the aged woman went without her crutch, but her pretty granddaughter was near her to serve as a support. It continued thus for a long time. To the promenade, to church or to market, the good old granddame no longer used her crutch, but trotted about leaning on her granddaughter. There was much prattling about this in the village and at last they found out the cause. The granddaughter in a fit of passion, threw her grandmother's crutch into the fire, and the old woman was so poor she could not buy another. The hasty girl cried and repented, and the frail old woman pardoned her; but her grandchild never quitted her for an instant, and served as a faithful crutch till she saved up money enough to buy a new crutch on which were the words, "Repentance and pardon."

If we repent we shall be sorry for the sin.

Nellie was fond of sweet things, but they were not good for her. One day she disobeyed her mother and helped herself to a plate of rich cake, of which she ate freely. She soon grew feverish, complained of a headache, and was obliged to go to bed.

Her mother feared she was going to be ill. On entering her closet however, the empty plate and the crumbs on the floor explained the mystery of

the sudden attack. She went to her child's room.

"Have you been eating anything you ought not, Nellie?"

Nellie looked in her mother's face and saw that she had found out about the cake. It would do no good to deny it.

"Yes, mamma, I ate some cake."

"No wonder you are sick. You took the cake without leave, which was stealing, and you disobeyed me by going into the closet. You are being punished for your sins. Are you sorry, Nellie?" she asked, seeing the child's tears falling fast.

"Yes, mamma," she sobbed, "I'm sorry the cake made me sick, and sorry you found it out."

Nellie was not really penitent, for she was not sorry for her sin, but sorry that her sin was found out and that she had to suffer.

If we repent of sin what we do will show it.

When John the Baptist was preaching he said, "Bring forth therefore fruits meet for repentance." Mat. 3: 8.

The prodigal repented when he turned his feet toward his father's house. Lu. 15: 18-21.

The magicians repented when they brought their costly books of sorcery and burned them. Ac. 19: 19.

That liquor dealer repented who carted his

whole stock of fine liquors down in front of the church and set them on fire.

Lot's wife did not repent, for though she turned her feet from wicked Sodom, her heart was still toward it. Ge. 19: 26.

If we repent of sin we should also "believe the gospel."

The gospel is the good tidings that Jesus dies to save us. Faith is not feeling something in us that tells us we are saved; it is believing something outside of us; it is resting on God's sure, eternal Word, which shall never pass away.

A minister sat beside a wealthy man who had lost all interest in business in his intense longing to learn the way of salvation. But somehow the minister could not make him understand. All in vain the man of God sought to free him and bring him out into the sunlight. He was about to go away in despair, when the millionaire's little daughter came into the room and throwing her arms about her father's neck, said, "Papa, my teacher says I must have a slate to-morrow; may I have a slate?"

"Certainly, my darling."

The child kissed and thanked him and went away singing. Then the minister said, "The same faith in God which your little child exercised in you would bring you the gift of salvation."

A smile broke over the rich man's face; "Oh! I see," he exclaimed. "I never knew it was so simple."

So little one, just as you believe your father or mother when they promise you anything, so you believe Jesus when he says, "Repent ye therefore—that your sins may be blotted out." Ac. 3: 19. When you repent and believe you are forgiven. God wants you to be very glad and grateful. Isa. 12: 2; Ps. 103: 1-3.

OUR PRAYER. Blessed Lord, I am sorry for all my sins. I do believe You forgive them all. I am glad to be saved. I trust You to help me to show that I am grateful by being good all the days.

Our Third Morning Glory.

PARDON.

"Thou art a God ready to pardon." Neh. 9: 17.

(Enclose these texts in red brackets [] and put a double cross ‡ on the margin.)

To pardon means to forgive.

To be pardoned is to have all our sins forgiven.

Nellie, who had just recovered from a dangerous illness, said, "Mamma, I prayed last night." "Did you dear? Don't you always pray?" "Oh yes; but I prayed a real prayer last night. I don't think I ever prayed a real prayer before. I lay awake a long time. I thought what a naughty girl I had been so often. I tried to reckon up all the bad things I had done; there seemed to be lots of them. And I tried to remember what I did in one week, but there seemed to be such a heap; then I knew I had not remembered them all. And I thought, what if Jesus had come to me when I was so ill? Then I thought about Jesus coming to die for bad people, and that He delights to forgive them. So I got out of bed, and kneeled down and tried to tell Jesus how bad I was; and I asked Him to think

over the sins that I could not remember. Then I waited and gave Him time to think of them, and when I thought He had remembered them all, I asked Him to forgive them. And I am sure He did, mamma, because He said He would. Then I felt so happy, and I got into bed, and did not feel a bit afraid of God any more." Of course she did not, because the good Book says, "Blessed are they whose iniquities are forgiven, and whose sins are covered." Ro. 4:7.

To be pardoned is to be free.

When a prisoner is pardoned they let him go out of prison. Sin binds us. Satan binds us. When we trust in Jesus He sets us free. Jno. 8:36.

A missionary went to visit a wicked man of whom almost everybody was afraid. As he entered the door the fierce, wild, drunken fellow said, "I suppose you're come to try and convert me." "You're about right, Joey." Then Bill Blake said to his boy, "Go up stairs and bring me that new coil o' rope." The boy returned with the rope. "Sit in that chair, Joey," was the command. The missionary stood by wondering. Joey seated himself in a wooden chair by the fireside. In silence Bill tied his boy's body to the back of the chair, and knotted him, arms and legs, hard and fast, all over. When he

had done he said, "Is he fast?" "That he is." "Can he get away?" "No, indeed, he cannot." "Well, see here, missionary, that's just what I am; I'm fast bound, hand and foot by my sins, and have been so for years, and I can't get away." Pulling a knife from his pocket, he cut the rope all around the boy and said, "Is he free?" "Oh, yes." "Did he free himself?" "No, that he did not," said the delighted missionary, who saw his chance to tell poor Bill of Jesus. "Well," said Bill, "when you can do that for me, I'll be glad to see you, but since you cannot, there's the door." "Stop a bit," said the missionary, "though I cannot set you free, I have a friend who can." And then he told him how Jesus could pardon all his sins and keep him from getting drunk and free him from all his bad habits. Bill Blake listened, and at last he got down on his knees and asked God to forgive all his sins and believed on Him and became sober and good and kind.

To be pardoned is to have all our sins blotted out.

A poor little fellow came into a temperance school. There was something about his pale, pinched, face, and the eagerness with which the boy listened, and the way in which he signed the pledge that touched the teacher's heart. She

loved God and little children. She talked with the forlorn child until she learned that he had a pet rat that he had tamed, which he loved better than anything else in the world. She listened while he told all the tricks he had taught Skee, and how he would fight any boy that teased him. Then she said, "Suppose some day Skee should not come when you called him?" "Skee wouldn't ever do that. He always minds just as quick!" "Suppose he wouldn't do any of the things you ask of him?" "I can't 'spose, 'cause he would." "What if he should go and live with some other boy, and never live with you any more?" The boy gulped down a sob. He had neither mother nor sister nor playmate to love. All his heart had gone out to this strange little pet. "He wouldn't, Miss Graham," he said. Then Miss Graham told him that the dear Savior loved him more than he did Skee, loved Him so much that He had died for him. The next week he came again and lingered when the rest were gone. "What is it Jimmy;" Miss Graham asked, kindly. "What you told me last week," the boy sobbed. "I don't know how to love Him when He loves me so, and I feel awful mean not to do it." "Jimmy, have you ever done anything wrong?" "Lots of times. Why, I've drunk beer, and hid when Pop called me, and stole pennies out of his pocket, and fit

with the boys, and"—with a long sigh—"ever so many more." Miss Graham went to the black-board and wrote everything Jimmy told her. Then she said, "Jesus loves you, Jesus has promised to forgive all your sins, and when He does you cannot help loving Him." She opened her Bible and read, "*I, even I, am He that blotteth out thy transgressions.*" Isa. 43:25. Then she took the blotter and rubbed out all that was written on the board. "Let us kneel and pray," she said, "and ask Jesus to blot out all your sins." When they rose from their knees the child's face was bright. "They're every one rubbed out. I do love Him, Miss Graham," he said. The following week he brought his half-intoxicated father, and said, "Pop wants his sins rubbed out, too." The faithful teacher pointed the father to Christ, and when he rose from his knees he was sober and saved and ready to begin a new life. And the next week he brought one of his neighbor's and the Lord blotted out all his sins and made him happy in Jesus.

When God pardons our sins He forgets them.

He will never bring them up against us at the judgment. For he says, "I . . . will not remember thy sins." Isa. 43:25.

When I was a little girl I went out into the strawberry field one noon time when the bell

rang. I jumped up and ran toward the schoolhouse. Soon I saw some big, red berries and down I went into the grass to gather them. Then I ran a little ways further when I saw some more and stopped to pick them. Looking toward the schoolhouse I saw the door was shut. Then how I did run, but I was late. The reading class had been called and I must go down to the foot. I had been at the head such a long time. Oh, how I cried when I found I had lost my place and must go to the foot.

That night papa said, "Abbie, your mother and I are going around to Miss Gedney's. Have you any word to send your teacher?" I thought of the strawberries and my being late and my place away at the foot and said, "No, papa, I haven't any word to send."

A little later I went up to bed but I could not sleep. I thought, "Miss Gedney will tell papa and mamma the wrong thing I did this noon and when they come home they will whip me." So I lay and tossed and listened for my parents' footsteps on the stairs. After such a long time, they came home, but they went straight to their own room and I said, "I am not going to get any whipping until morning." I rose late and went into the dining room trembling, but papa and mamma said, "Good morning," so kindly that I

thought, "I am not going to get a whipping until after breakfast."

When we were all through papa said, "Abbie, come here," and I thought, "Oh! I am going to get it now." But as I stood beside him my father kissed me and said, "Abbie, it makes your mother and me so happy to have Miss Gedney tell us you are such a good girl in school." Was not I a happy child? How good my teacher was to forget what a naughty girl I had been that noon. I grew to be a woman, and forgot all about it until one day I read in my Bible, "I will forgive their iniquity and I will remember their sins no more." Jer. 31:34. Then like a flash it all came back to me, and I saw how God forgets our sins when He forgives them.

Once in a sermon an aged minister told how he had been a thief, gambler and drunkard. After the sermon his old mother tottered up to him and said, "My dear boy, what made you tell the people you did all those dreadful things, you never did." You see, the dear old mother had really forgotten what a bad boy her son used to be when he was young. The Bible says, "Love covereth all sins." Pr. 10:12; 1 Pe. 4:8. God's love is deeper than a mother's. He forgets utterly that we have sinned.

If God forgives our sins and forgets them, we

ought to forgive and forget the sins of others.

A little street waif was run over and fatally injured and taken to a hospital. The only one who ever came to enquire for him was a poor forlorn boy of his own age. One day the nurse told him Billy had no chance to get well and took him to see the sick boy. Pale and weak and emaciated he opened his eyes, but before he could speak the boy bent close above him and sobbed, " Billy, can yer forgive a feller? We was always fighting and I was allus too much for yer; but I'm sorry, 'fore ye die won't ye tell a feller ye ain't no grudge agin me?" The young lad reached up his thin, white arms and clasped them around the other's neck and said, " Don't cry, Bob, don't feel bad. I was ugly and mean, and I was a heaving a stone at ye when the wagon hit me. If ye'll forgive me, I'll forgive ye and I'll pray for both of us." Bob came every day after that and the boys were so happy together.

God has promised that He will cast all our sins "into the depths of the sea." Mi. 7: 19. Not into the shallow brook, but into the deep waters where no one can ever find them.

When He forgives us He wants us to say, as Hezekiah did, " Thou hast cast all my sins behind Thy back." Isa. 38: 17. God wants us to know that He puts Himself between us and our sins.

Jesus "bare our sins in His own body on the tree," so we shall never have to bear them. 1 Pe. 2:24. I am glad, are not you?

LET US PRAY. Our Father who art in heaven, we thank Thee that Thou didst send Jesus to bear all our sins, and we believe that Thou hast forgiven them every one. Thou art so good and kind. We love Thee and we want to serve Thee.

Our Fourth Morning Glory.

PURITY. 1 Ti. 4: 12.

"Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow." Ps. 51: 7.

(Draw a red line under the texts and put a tiny red Maltese cross  on the margin. We have purity through the blood of Jesus shed on the cross. 1 Jno. 1: 7.)

Cut this text out of bright red paper and hang it opposite some cot in a hospital.

Purity is freedom from sin. To be pure is to be clean and chaste. Sin makes our hearts black. My sister was talking to her little four-year-old girl one day about sin stains. Little Rilla looked up into her mother's face and said, "Mamma, I'm afraid my heart is getting just a little spotty." Yes, little ones, every time you tease, or fret, or disobey, or are naughty, it makes a sin spot.

Snow is a symbol of purity. There is nothing so beautiful as the newly fallen snow, when the sun makes it bright like gold dust and diamonds. Yet our hearts and lives are to be more pure and white and beautiful than the clear, spotless snow-fields. A teacher asked, "How can the Lord wash our hearts so that they will be whiter than snow?" "I know," was the quick answer of a little boy taught of God, "When you look

through a microscope at the flakes of snow, there is a dark spot in the centre of each flake. When God washes our hearts He does not leave any dark spots on them."

In a school in North Carolina the children were asked, "What is whiter than snow?" One said, "Cotton," another, "Chalk," another, "Milk," but one little one said, "A heart that is washed in the blood of the Lamb."

A little five-year-old boy looked up at his mother one morning and said, "Mamma, ain't I whiter than snow?" The mother did not answer him, and the child's lips quivered and his eyes filled with tears as he cried out, "Why mamma, didn't I give my heart to Jesus that day in the tent and now ain't I whiter than snow?" Dear little fellow, of course he was. When we give our hearts to Jesus and ask Him to make us whiter than snow he just loves to do it for us.

An English nobleman, whose wife was dead, had one little daughter whom he loved dearly but did not see often. The child's nurse taught her about Jesus. The father used sometimes to amuse his little girl by riddles, and one time she said to him, "Papa, do you know what is whiter than snow?" He was not a Christian and had never read our text. "No," he said, "I don't." Then the little one said, "A soul washed in the

blood of Jesus is whiter than snow." The father asked, "Who told you?" "My nurse," said the child. The father privately requested the nurse not to teach his little girl religion for fear she would be gloomy, and forgot all about it. Some time afterward the Prince of Wales was visiting them and noticed the child. She said to him, "Do you know what is whiter than snow?" He did not, and smiled and said, "No, what is it?" And the little one said, "A soul washed in the blood of Jesus is whiter than snow." The father heard the words from his child's lips the second time, and he kept thinking about them until he became a Christian, and through him thousands of people were saved. Isn't it lovely that a little child's word can bring people to Jesus?

A poor little black girl, with bare head and bare feet came into a large Sunday School where the children in their cool, white gowns were singing, "Whiter than snow." She sat still, with eyes and mouth wide open, pleased and satisfied. No one took any notice of her, and during the lesson she lay down upon one of the seats and fell fast asleep. At the close, the superintendent, who was a physician, upon going to waken her, found she was ill with a fever. The poor child had suffered for days without any attention and, attracted by the singing, had crept into the

church because she could go no further. She was taken to the hospital and cared for. One of the teachers visited her. She was always pleased when she saw anything white, and in her ravings was always saying "White" and "Snow." One day when the teacher took her some flowers, with her little black hands she picked out a white one and laid away all the rest. At last she became quiet and ceased to rave, and said to the nurse, "Sing lady." "What shall I sing?" "Whiter than snow." The nurse began singing softly. The little one interrupted her, "Missus, does that mean me?" "Yes, my child." "Me, a nigger?" "Yes, my child." "Den sing it some more." The nurse sang it again and then told her how Jesus could wash all our sins and though her skin was black her soul could be whiter than snow. She was happy and lay still for a long time. She grew weaker and one day at twilight she whispered, "Once more." "What my child?" "Sing." And while the nurse sang the only song the child had ever heard, the redeemed spirit of the little black waif who had no home and no mother, went up to live with Jesus and be happy forever, but He had made her "Whiter than snow."

A little girl went out to play one day in the snow, and when she came in she said, "Mamma,

I couldn't help praying when I was out at play. "What did you pray my dear?" "I prayed the snow prayer, mamma, that I learned once in Sunday-school: 'Wash me and I shall be whiter than snow.' " I do not know whether the little girl ever heard it or not, but here is a promise that goes with the prayer. "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow." Isa. 1:18. Scarlet is a color that never washes white, but though sin be deep dyed, even double dyed, God can make the sinner clean.

OUR PRAYER. Blessed Lord, I ask You to wash away all my sins in the blood of Jesus, because He died for me, and loves me and wants my heart clean and white. I believe You do hear me and answer me and wash me "whiter than snow." Help me to-day and keep my heart without any sin spots, for Jesus' sake. Amen.

BIBLE ACROSTIC.

KEEP THYSELF PURE. 1 Ti. 5: 22.

Even a child. Pr. 20: 11.

Every man. 1 Jno. 3: 3.

Purify your hearts. Jas. 4: 8.

The pure in heart. Mat. 5: 8.

He cleanseth. Jno. 15: 2. R. V.

Ye are clean through the word. Jno. 15: 3.

Sanctify and cleanse. Eph. 5: 26.

Example of the believers—in purity. 1 Ti. 4: 12.

Love out of a pure heart. 1 Ti. 1: 5. R. V.

Follow righteousness—pure heart. 2 Ti. 2: 22;
1 Ti. 3: 9; Jas. 3: 17; 1 Jno. 1: 9.

Pure religion. Jas. 1: 27.

Unto the pure all things are pure. Tit. 1: 15.

Renew a right spirit. Ps. 51: 10.

Every word of God is pure. Pr. 30: 5.

Our Fifth Morning Glory.

PEACE.

"Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you." Jno.14:27.

(Draw a blue line under the word "Peace," and mark them with round () brackets.)

Peace is the gift of Jesus.

"Put me down," said a wounded soldier to his comrades. "Do not trouble to carry me any further; I am dying." They then put him down and went back to the field. A few minutes after an officer saw the man and said, "Can I do anything for you?"

"Nothing, thank you; I am dying."

"Shall I get you a little water?"

"No, thank you."

"Is there nothing I can do for you? Shall I write to your friends?"

"I have no friends to whom you can write. There is one thing. In my knapsack you will find a Testament: will you open it to the 14th chapter of John? Near the end of the chapter is a verse that begins with 'Peace': will you read it?"

The officer read the words, "Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you: not as the world

giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid."

"Thank you sir," said the dying man. "I have that peace—I am going to that Savior." These were his last words, he closed his eyes and sweetly fell asleep in Jesus.

We read of Peace in the Bible in four ways.

1. Peace *with* God.
2. The peace *of* God.
3. Peace *with men*.
4. The *God of Peace*.

"By *faith* we have peace *with* God." Ro. 5:1.

"By *prayer* and supplication with thanksgiving," we have "the peace of God." Ph. 4: 6, 7.

By doing the will of God we dwell in the conscious presence of "the God of Peace." Ph. 4: 9; He. 13: 20, 21.

By yielding to others we "live peaceable with all men." Ro. 12: 18; Eph. 4: 2, 3.

Where there is peace there is union.

Peace with God is the union that comes from reconciliation.

The peace of God is the union that comes from communion.

Peace with men is the union of brother with brother and friend with friend.

The conscious presence of the God of peace is the union that comes with service.

I. PEACE WITH GOD.

Every child of God who has repented and been pardoned and washed in the blood, has "peace *with* God," for "being justified by *faith*, we *have* peace with God. Ro. 5:1. We *have* "joy and peace in believing." Ro. 15:13. It is not a question of feeling but of fact. The moment we believe God pardons our sins that moment we are "reconciled to God," Ro. 5:10, and have "peace *with* God."

A doctor who had long been anxious to be at peace with God was visiting a Christian patient. The Spirit had convinced him of sin, and he longed for that peace which the world cannot give, so he said to the sick one, "I want you to tell me just what it is—this faith in Jesus which brings peace."

His patient replied: "Doctor, in my sickness I have felt that I could do nothing, I have put my case in your hands; I am trusting in you. That is exactly what every poor sinner must do in the Lord Jesus Christ."

A new light came into the doctor's soul. "Is that all?" he cried; "Simply believing in Jesus! I see it! Jesus said on the cross, 'It is finished,' Jno. 19:30. He has done the work. I believe it." The doctor went away with a great peace in his heart.

A request was sent to a prayer meeting to pray earnestly for Margaret, a poor girl, dying in the work house, who had no hope and no peace. Prayer after prayer was offered. The next morning when one of the sisters entered the ward, the sick girl's face was radiant. "Dear Margaret, when did the peace come?" "Oh! ma'am let me tell you all. After you left I seemed to grow worse. In the evening I could not rest. I asked the nurse to lift me out on that chair. It was just half-past eight (the prayer meeting lasted from eight until nine) and as I sat there, there flashed into my mind that verse you told me, 'The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin,' and then I knew He meant it for me—for my sins. And now," she said, lifting her sweet, happy eyes; "*my heart feels as if it were asleep.*"

2. THE PEACE OF GOD.

We cannot have the peace *of* God until after we have peace *with* God.

"Acquaint now thyself with Him, and be at peace." Job. 22:21.

"Peace be multiplied unto you through the knowledge of God." 2 Pe. 1:2.

Reading the Bible and praying will help us to know God.

Our Heavenly Father loves us, so He tells us

to cast all our anxiety upon Him for He careth for us. 1 Pe. 5: 7. R. V. He says, "In nothing be anxious; but in everything by prayer—let your requests be known—and the peace of God which passeth all understanding shall guard your hearts." Ph. 4: 6, 7. R. V. If we are worried or anxious we have not the peace of God. If we will just pray, in time of trouble, God will give us His peace. A baby boy with golden curls and sunny face, climbed one day over a shaking grapevine trellis up to the second story window. The mother, seeing him, waited for her darling, not daring to whisper lest his little brain should grow dizzy, or his tiny feet stumble. The neighbors watched him tremblingly until his mother drew him into the window and held him in her arms. "My darling," she exclaimed, "were you not afraid?" "Oh, no, mamma," was the baby's quick reply, "I was prayin' all the time I was climbin'."

3. PEACE WITH MEN.

As our next morning glory is "Peacemakers," we will not write about this aspect of peace here.

4. THE GOD OF PEACE.

God said through David, "Great peace have they which love thy *law*." Ps. 119: 165. Jesus said, "If any man will come after me, let him

deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me." Mat. 16: 24. We take up our cross when we surrender our will to God's will, when we do not want our way but His way. When we take up our cross we know the God of peace is with us and we are ready to serve Him.

A mother said one day to her little seven-year-old boy, "Freddie, there is your tin kitchen, you are through with it. I know a poor child who would be glad to have it." "Why, mamma, I think a good deal of my tin kitchen," he said. "All right," answered mother. Soon Freddie came to his mother and asked, "Do you think I *ought* to give away my tin kitchen?" "Do just as you wish, dear, the little child would be glad of it." Again, later he said, "Mamma, I do believe you think I ought to give away my tin kitchen." "I did not know you thought so much of it, keep it if you wish." At night, he wept and said, "Mamma, what shall I do? My heart is so selfish, I ain't willing to give away my tin kitchen." "Ask the Lord to make you willing." The little fellow knelt and honestly prayed the Lord to make him willing to give up his tin kitchen. The next morning he went to his mother with a smiling face and said, "Mamma, you may give away my tin kitchen, I don't want it any more. I asked the Lord to make me willing and

He has." When Freddie prayed and took up his cross he became conscious of the presence of the God of peace, and could serve Him by giving the pretty toy to the poor children.

OUR PRAYER. Lord Jesus we thank Thee that we have peace with God, the peace of pardon. We ask Thee to give us more and more the peace of God, the peace of prayer. We want to be at peace with those about us. We thank Thee that Thou art the God of peace. Help us always to take up our cross, to surrender our wills. Teach us how we can serve Thee every day.

Our Sixth Morning Glory.

PEACEMAKERS.

"Blessed are the peacemakers." Mat. 5: 9.

(Mark just like the fifth morning glory.)

Jesus was the great Peacemaker. He "made peace through the blood of His cross." Col. 1: 20. He reconciled us to God.

Abraham was a peacemaker when he gave up his own right and allowed Lot to have the first choice. Ge. 13: 5-12.

Isaac was a peacemaker when, rather than have strife, he gave up the wells to which he had a double right, because his father dug them and he re-dug them. Ge. 26: 17-25.

Gideon was a peacemaker when he complimented the men of Ephraim who "did chide with him sharply" because he did not take them out with him to battle. Judg. 8: 1-3.

Little Lizzie was a peacemaker. Two boys were quarreling on the street and she stepped between them and received the blow which Henry meant for William. "Oh, Lizzie," said Henry, "I did not mean to hit you. I wouldn't have done it for the world." "I know that," said

Lizzie, " But I am so glad you did, for now you have got over wanting to hit William."

Cruso was a peacemaker, though he was only a dog. Willie and Harry and Cruso were great friends. Cruso was a good play-fellow and often had much good sense. He was better tempered than the boys, and as to quarrelling he was quite above it. One day Cruso lay in the sun napping when he heard loud angry words, then a sharp blow, and starting up quickly saw Willie and Harry in a regular fight. The sensible dog was shocked, and what do you think he did? He sprang in between them, and bit each of them sharply! He thought both deserved to be punished and did not stop to ask which struck first. The boys laughed and stopped fighting.

Little Alice was a peacemaker. One day her sister Lettie came running into the room where she sat learning her Bible verse. She brought a fat puppy with her. Alice said, " Lettie I am afraid mamma would not like him here, he is so mischievous." " Oh I will watch him," Lettie said.

" Have you learned your verse?" asked Alice. " No, where is my Bible?" The child could not find it. " Here is Tom's that will do," she said.

" O Lettie don't use it, Tom would be so angry if anything happened to it," said Alice.

But Lettie did not care and began to study her verse.

Presently Alice was called away by her mother, and Lettie dropped the Bible and went to get some bread for the puppy.

When the girls came back there was Prince with Tom's beautiful, new Bible all torn and scratched and spoiled.

When Tom, a lad of fifteen, came in and saw it he said, "I'll never forgive you Lettie as long as you live."

Poor Lettie sobbed and Alice tried to comfort her, but the child went to bed and cried herself to sleep.

The next day Tom would not speak to Lettie and it was a sad Sunday. Alice kept thinking of the text, "Blessed are the peacemakers."

Toward night she went up and knocked timidly at Tom's door. No answer. "Tom." "Who's there," growled the boy. "It's only I," the little girl said, wishing she had not come up after all. "Come in," the boy replied.

"Tom, come down, it's too cold here." No answer.

"Oh! Tom," she cried, with tears in her eyes, "I do wish you would forgive Lettie, she is so sorry."

"What does it matter to you? Suppose it was

your Bible. Forgive her, indeed, I'll *never* forgive her."

"Oh! Tom," she said, sobbing, and stopped. "Well—what?" "Didn't you say 'Our Father' in church?" "Well, what if I did?" "Didn't you ask God to forgive you as you forgave those who trespassed against you, and Tom dear would you like him to?"

A long time the child stood by her brother and waited. At last looking into his sister's tearful face he threw his arms around her and said, "All right, Alice, I'll go down."

He walked bravely up to Lettie and kissing her said huskily, "I was horribly cross, won't you forgive me?" The child burst into tears and cried out, "Oh! I am so sorry about the Bible." And the brother and sister were reconciled, and Alice's text, "Blessed are the peacemakers," has a new meaning for her now.

The Bible tells us,

"Live peaceably with all men." Ro. 12: 18.

"Follow peace with all." He. 12: 14.

"Be at peace among yourselves." 1 Th. 5: 13.

Let us see how to do this.

1. *Keep the Golden Rule.* Mat. 7: 12. Two little girls named Rose and Addie had the same books and playthings but they never quarreled. No one ever saw one of them pout or speak cross

or slap the other or run away in a pet. Trundling hoop, playing with Rover, helping mother, they were always the same sweet little girls. "You never seem to quarrel," said a lady to them, one day. "How is it that you are always so happy together?" They looked up, and the older answered, "Oh, you know, Addie lets me and I let Addie." "Ah, that is it," the lady said; "Addie lets Rose and Rose lets Addie." They both kept the Golden Rule.

2. *Pray with each other.* A missionary in West Africa went to see one of the heathen converts who was ill. He asked him, "Do you and your wife live in peace together?" "Oh yes," said the African, "when we feel like quarreling we shake hands and pray together." Those are peaceful homes where father and mother and brother and sister pray together.

3. *Never answer back.* A little girl trying in vain to learn her spelling lesson said wearily to her brother, "O Paul where do all these lots of words come from?" "Why, Gracie, don't you know? It's because people quarrel so much! Whenever they quarrel one word brings on another and that's the reason we've got such a long string of them."

"I wish they'd stop it," sighed Gracie; "then the spelling books wouldn't be so big."

Paul's explanation was funny if not correct. One part of it was true. "Whenever they quarrel, one word brings on another!" Let us never answer back and we shall live peaceably.

4. *Think how senseless it is to quarrel.*

A little child, becoming wearied with the quarreling of two children over a glass of milk, exclaimed, "What's the use of quarreling over that milk? There is a whole cowful out in the barn."

A tiny boy scrambled into the back of a man's wagon to ride with him. Seeing a scratch on his face the gentleman asked how it came there. "Me an' another boy was fightin' 'round at school." "What were you fighting about?" With engaging frankness he said, "Oh, nossin!"

How strange and sad that people, even God's children, sometimes become angry with each other without any good reason.

5. *Never strike back.* One morning a little girl and her mother were looking out of the window into the barnyard. There stood many cows, oxen and horses waiting to drink. It was a cold morning. The cattle were all still and meek, till one of the cows turned round and accidentally hit her next neighbor, whereupon the neighbor kicked and hurt another. In five minutes all the cattle were furiously kicking each other. The

mother said, "See what comes of kicking when you are hit." Afterwards if the little girl or her brother were irritable mother would say, "Take care my children: remember how the fight in the barnyard began. Never give back a kick for a hit."

6. *Remember the proverb, "It takes two to make a quarrel."*

"There's a knowing little proverb,
From the sunny land of Spain,
But in Northland, as in Southland,
Is its meaning clear and plain.
Lock it up within your hearts;
Neither lose nor lend it—
'Two it takes to make a quarrel;
One can always end it.'"

7. *Bear and forbear.* Dr. Newton tells of an old couple who had quarreled for years but suddenly ceased and were always at peace with each other. They had been converted. Some one asked them how it was they never quarreled now, and one of them said, "We keep two bears in the house." "Two bears!" said the friend, "what do you mean?" "Why, two Bible bears. Their names are 'Bear' and 'Forbear.' One is "*Bear* ye one another's burdens." Ga. 6: 2. The other is, "*Forbearing* one another in love." Eph. 4: 2.

8. *Don't justify yourself.* When Jesus was accused—"He answered nothing." Mat. 27:12.

“The fruit of the Spirit is—peace.” Ga. 5:23.

OUR PRAYER. Blessed Lord, teach us how to be peacemakers; how to be gentle and loving and forgiving like Jesus.

Our Seventh Morning Glory.

PROMISES.

"Whereby are given unto us exceeding great and precious promises." 2Pe. 1:4.

(Mark the promises with a purple P.)

God's promises are "great." They tell of a

"Great" God. Jer. 32:18.

"Great" Savior. Isa. 19:20.

"Great" power. Ps. 147:5.

"Great" faithfulness. Lam. 3:23.

"Great" goodness. Ps. 31:19.

"Great" peace. Isa. 54:13; Ps. 119:165.

"Great" reward. Ps. 19:11; Mat. 5:12.

God's promises are "exceeding great." 2 Pe. 1:4.

He "is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think." Eph. 3:20. God is able to give more than we are able to grasp.

A prophet's widow had no money, no food and no friends to help her. She was in great distress. Some men to whom she owed a large sum of money came to take her two sons and sell them for slaves, but in her trouble the Lord did not forget her. He sent Elisha to her home, and she told him all her trouble. Then he asked, "What

hast thou in the house?" and she said, "Not anything—save a pot of oil." He told her to borrow a great many vessels from her neighbors. She and the boys went out and brought in all they could get. Then the prophet told her to shut herself in the room with her sons and take the pot of oil and pour into all those other vessels, and as fast as she filled them to set them aside. After she filled a great many she said to her son, "Bring me yet a vessel." But he said, "There is not a vessel more." Then the oil stopped running. As happy as she could be she ran and told Elisha what a great quantity of vessels full she had. He said, "Go sell the oil, and pay thy debt, and live thou and thy children of the rest." 2 K. 4: 7. Who would ever "think" that God would multiply a little oil to pay a big debt?"

God's promises are precious.

Jeremiah said the Word of the Lord was the joy and rejoicing of his heart. Jer. 15: 16.

Solomon said the wisdom of the Lord was "better than rubies." Pr. 8: 11.

Job esteemed the word of the Lord more than his "necessary food." Job. 23: 12.

David said they were "more to be desired than gold, yea, than much fine gold: sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb." Ps. 19: 10.

A little colored boy sat poring over his Testa-

ment his face radiantly happy. "You love your little book?" a gentleman asked him. "Oh, yes, sir," was the quick reply, "I loves it better than 'lasses."

If we would love the Word of God we must:

1. *Know God's promises.* A little girl named Mary Gordon was very kind to a poor aged woman, a neighbor, and would wait on her and run errands for her. One day the old lady said to the child: "You have been kind to me; I will give you a present." The little one expected a few pennies and was quite disappointed when she received a dirty piece of paper. She placed it in a drawer and thought little about it. One day she heard the old lady was dead and this recalled the gift. She spoke to her father about it, and it proved to be a note on the bank of England for \$250. It was presented to the bank and immediately cashed.

The Bible is a volume of Bank Notes. It is full of promises. There are about thirty thousand. Oh! how rich we should be if we only knew them all.

There are promises for money. Hag. 2:8; Ph. 4:19.

For health, Ex. 15:26, l. c.; Jer. 30:17.

For strength, Isa. 40:31; Ps. 73:26.

For help when tried or tempted, 2 Co. 9:8; He. 4:16.

And ever so many more.

When we pray let us say as David did, "Thou hast promised this goodness." 1 Ch. 17:26.

2. *Believe God's promises.* When Mr. Dowie was in San Francisco there came to his meetings a little blind boy with his mother. Georgie had no father and had been blind from his birth. When the invitation was given for those who wanted salvation to stand up, the child asked, "What does it mean, mother?" His mother explained that he was to believe that Jesus would keep His promises and save him, and he must give himself wholly to Christ. The next day, July 4th, 1888, he came to the afternoon meeting and waited to be prayed with for his sight. After prayer, Mr. Dowie asked, "Georgie, are you saved?" "Yes, sir, I am." "When were you saved?" "Yesterday." "How were you saved?" "Well," he said, "I have been *trying to trust* Jesus all my life, and yesterday I *did it*, sir." "That is right. Do you expect Jesus to give you your sight?" "I am sure he will, sir." Mr. Dowie laid his hand upon the blind child's head and prayed. When the little boy, who had been blind from his birth, opened his eyes, he could see. That night he said to his mother, "Mamma,

don't you think the Lord will forgive me if I don't go to the meeting? I do want to see these fire works, they look *so beautiful*. The first time he saw a horse, he said, "Mamma, the horse's tail is made of hair. I thought it was like a dog's tail, and look, mamma, he has a mustache on his head." At the next meeting when the child told he had believed the promises of Jesus and been saved, and could see, the people laughed and cried as they glorified God for His wonderful goodness.

3. *Take God's promises.* If you read "Christ died for the *ungodly*," Ro. 5: 6, write it, "Christ died for *me*."

If you come across, "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners," add from your heart as Paul did, "Of whom I am chief," so He came to save me. 1 Ti. 1: 15.

When Phœbe Palmer was near her end a friend read the promise, "Fear not; for I have redeemed thee, I have called thee by thy name; thou art mine." Isa. 43: 1. As she heard it she exclaimed, "Oh, put my name in that promise. Read it, 'Fear not, Phœbe Palmer, for I have redeemed thee.'" She took the promise, made it hers and was happy.

4. *Rest on God's promises.* A pious old slave, asked why he was always so sunny-hearted under

his hard lot, replied, "Ah, massa, I always lays flat down on de promises, and den I pray straight up to my hebenly Father." So God would have us lay our aching head upon His promises and rise up stronger from our repose on His unchanging Word.

God never broke His Word. God never told a lie. He always keeps his promises. He. 10:23.

Since God keeps his promise to us we should keep our promises to others.

Johnnie was building a beautiful block-house, tall and large, and had not the least idea that it was a quarter to seven, almost his bedtime.

"Come, dear," said mamma, "It is time to put away the blocks and get ready for bed."

"O, mamma!" begged the little fellow, "let me stay a little longer—just till the clock strikes again."

Mamma glanced at it and said, "If you will stop cheerfully when the clock strikes, I will let you play on."

It seemed only a minute to our busy boy when the silvery bell rang out; he looked up in surprise, shut his lips tight for a moment, took a long breath, and said sadly, but submissively, "I didn't think it would strike so soon, but I *must keep my truth.*"

OUR PRAYER. Heavenly Father, we thank

Thee for Thy precious promises. Help us to believe them all, and learn day by day to take them and prove them. Help us always to keep our promises to others.

Our Eighth Morning Glory.

PRAYER.

"Make thy prayer unto Him, and He shall hear thee." Job 22:27.

(Mark prayer with a red P.)

God loves us and we love Him. People who love each other like to talk together.

Prayer is talking to God, in the name of Christ, by the power of the Holy Spirit.

"Prayer is our speech to God. When we read the Bible God speaks to us; when we pray we speak to God."

Prayer is presenting God's promise, endorsed by our faith.

"Prayer is the pitcher which brings the water from the brook."

"Prayer is the barometer of the soul."

"Prayer is the gift of the knees."

"Prayer is the soul of man moving in the presence of God."

"Prayer is the key that opens heaven, and faith is the hand that turns it."

"Prayer is the cry of faith to the ear of mercy."

Let us look at a few of God's commands about prayer.

"Men ought always to pray, and not to faint."
Lu. 18: 1.

In the parsonage lived the minister, his wife and a busy, fun-loving, happy, little maiden of four summers. She was not only merry but good, and believed she ought always to pray and never to worry. One night the fire bells rang out an alarm and they sprang from their beds to find one end of the town in flames. A terrific wind was blowing, and the fire was rapidly traveling in the direction of the church and parsonage, devouring everything in its way. The air was full of flying cinders and in a short time a large part of the town lay in ashes.

Across the street from the church was a vacant block, and they began to carry articles from the parsonage out to the centre of it, hoping thus to save some household treasures. Thinking the little one would be safer there they caught her up, hurried across the lot, and placed her on the ground beside the pile of loose articles, telling her to remain till her mamma came for her. Instantly she dropped upon her knees, and clasped her little hands, and with her sweet face upturned, gleaming white in the flame she cried out, in her broken baby way, "Oh, Dod, save our house! Oh, Dod, save our house! Oh, Dod, save our house!" Over and over she repeated the same

words, and as she did so, quick as a flash the wind changed, and increasing to a perfect gale forced the hungry flames back over the burnt district and not only the parsonage was saved but all the other end of the town, in answer to the "effectual, fervent prayer," of a little child. Jas. 5: 16.

"In everything by prayer . . . let your requests be made known." Ph. 4: 6.

During a certain camp-meeting a gang of ruffians made trails of powder all through the encampment, intending at night to set fire to them. A clergyman rushed into the tent exclaiming excitedly; "We are going to have a terrible time to-night!" Sister Titus calmly said: "We must pray for rain." As there was not a cloud to be seen, the faith of some wavered; but this sister asked for rain and in less than one hour it came in torrents. The powder was not only wet, but washed out of sight for the rain fell to the depth of several inches.

"Pray to thy father which is in secret." Mat. 6: 6.

A young and uneducated boy was converted. His prayers in public were so fluent and fervent that his old companions were astonished. At length one of them solved the mystery and ex-

plained it. "I know how it is that Bill prays so, *he practices in private.*"

"What do you do when you feel cross and naughty?" they asked a little five-year-old girl. "I shut my lips and my eyes tight, and think a little prayer to Jesus to come and make me feel right," the sweet child said.

"Pray . . . in secret; and thy Father . . . shall reward thee openly." Mat. 6: 6.

A soldier was captured outside the camp and tried on suspicion of being a spy. His defense was that he had gone beyond the camp to secure a place for private prayer. They bade him kneel and pray ere they passed upon him the sentence of death. The soldier knelt and poured out his heart in prayer. So earnest, tender, and unaffected was his appeal to the throne of grace they commanded him to rise and immediately released him.

"Is any . . . afflicted? let him pray." Jas. 5: 13.

A poor little orphan boy was induced to go to Sunday school. One day his teacher was talking about God's faithfulness to His promises, and how He always answered the prayers of His children. Frank said, "God does not answer my prayer; I pray and pray, but I never get answered." One of the other boys spoke up and said, "I know why God does not answer Frank. It is because

he is asking for money." Frank indignantly denied this. Poor, ignorant little fellows to think God never answers prayer for money! But I wonder if there are not other wiser children who have never imagined that Phil. 4: 19 meant money.

Frank denied that he prayed for money, but refused to tell what his prayer had been. After school his teacher drew him aside and tried to learn the trouble. His face flushed and paled, but he would not tell. At last, just as the teacher was about to go, he said, "Perhaps I did wrong; I have been praying to die. I have no father or mother and I cannot get work anywhere." The boy was only twelve. He hired a room and lived alone and did his own cooking, and supported himself, but times were hard and he was in despair. A missionary, Miss A. C. Ruddy, who has no salary, and no income, save as God puts it into the hearts of His children to provide it, took him to her home.

She wrote me, "Frank is busy studying 'Foster's Story of the Bible.' As he had been a devourer of dime novels the change in his conversation is interesting. When he came he had just finished the story of the James boys, and he was so full of their exploits, that everything he saw reminded him of them. Now, instead of, 'That makes me think of the James boys,' it is, 'That's just like

the children of Israel.' The story is real to him and God is blessing it to him, and I believe He has yet a work for him to do." Is it not beautiful the way God did really answer Frank's prayer?

"Pray one for another." Jas. 5: 16.

A missionary from Labrador was the guest of a family in London. He told the children about his missionary life, and when he went away asked them to *pray* for him. So every night one little boy would always finish his prayer with the petition, "Lord Jesus, bless the dear missionary and keep the polar bears from hurting him." Day after day for a year he offered the same prayer. The father wrote to his friend and told him and asked if he had had any adventures with polar bears. The missionary wrote that he had been mercifully kept, and hoped his little friend would continue to pray. Not long after the missionary was appointed to preach many miles away. He went on board a small ship with two natives who were to row him to the place. As they came near a narrow arm of the sea, they saw on a steep precipice overhanging the water a bear ready to spring upon them. The natives wanted to turn back, for they said the monster would jump and overturn their boat and plunge them all into the greatest danger. But the missionary said, "No, we will go on. There is a little boy in England

who has been praying for a year that God would protect me from the bears. God will do it!" They went on. The bear sprang into the water and came swimming toward them. One of the men fired his pistol. The bear was wounded and started away from the ship to the shore. As he reached the bank another shot killed him. They rowed to the shore and the missionary cut off a paw of the bear and dressed it and sent it with a kind letter to the faithful boy in London who had prayed for him. The boy is a man now, but he treasures his bear's paw and loves to tell the story of how he obtained it.

"*Continue in prayer.*" Col. 4: 2.

A little girl who suffered greatly during thunderstorms was told by her mother to pray when she felt afraid.

One day, at the close of a fearful storm, she told her mother that praying during the danger brought her no relief.

"Then," said her mother, "try praying while the sun shines, and see if that will take away the fear."

The child did so, and when another storm was raging, she said sweetly: "Praying while the sun shines is the best way, for I am not the least bit afraid now."

OUR PRAYER. Lord teach us how to pray. Help us to remember to pray.

Our Ninth Morning Glory.

PERFORMANCE.

"Whatsoever He saith unto you, do it." Jno. 2:5.

(Write the word "*do*" on the margin by the texts, with blue ink.)

The big word Performance may be spelled by the little word "Do."

Once Jesus and his disciples were invited to a wedding in a home where the mother of Jesus was intimate. Part of the refreshment was wine. By and by it gave out and the mother of Jesus came and talked with Him about it. She guessed that Jesus would make some wine, and so she said to the servants, "Whatsoever He saith unto you, do it." We will take this for our motto for this day's morning glory. Let us emphasize each word in it.

"*WHATSOEVER He saith unto you, do it.*" Do the little things quickly and the big things gladly. If we do *whatsoever* He saith, it is easier to pray and to believe God hears us. "*Whatsoever* we ask, we receive of Him, because we keep His commandments." 1 Jno. 3:22.

The promise "*Whatsoever* ye shall ask in my name, that will I do," Jno. 14:13, belongs with

the precept, "*Whatsoever* He saith unto you, do it." Jno. 2: 5.

Do whatsoever He saith, whether you can understand it or not. Read the rest of the story of the water turned into wine and see how faithful was the obedience of the servants. They could not see the reason for a large quantity of water. The guests had all arrived and washed and were sitting at the feast. But they did not dispute the Lord's command by saying, "It is wine they want, not water." They carried out His instruction to the letter. Baron Rothschild and Balzac were excellent friends. Once when the author was obliged to take a trip to Germany and was without money, he went to the Baron. With his usual generosity the rich man gave him \$600.00 and a letter of introduction to his nephew at Vienna. Balzac thinking the letter cold, formal and not complimentary did not follow out the wish of the Baron, and never took it to his nephew. Returning to Paris, Rothschild asked, "Did you see my nephew?" The author replied coldly that he had kept the letter. "I am sorry for you," said the Baron, taking the despised letter in his hand and pointing to a peculiar mark below his name. "If you had but given it to my nephew it would have opened a credit for you at the Vienna firm." Oh, how much we miss when

we follow our own way instead of our Lord's "Whatsoever."

Do whatsoever he saith, whether it be pleasant or unpleasant. Carrying water was a hard task. It called them from the light and warmth and joy of the festival to the distant riverside. But they were true to the test of their faith. Many times, it may be, they went out (perhaps into the darkness,) and bore back upon head or shoulder, the water that was to be turned into wine for the guests.

Do whatsoever He saith, constantly and cheerfully. A little girl longed to join a picnic party. Her mother knew that it was not wise to let her. So when Susie came with the request she said, "No, dear, you cannot go." She had expected to see sorrowful disappointment in her little daughter's face but instead the child bounded away, singing merrily. "I was afraid of seeing you grievously disappointed," she said afterward to the little one. "I have got the 'thy-will-be-done' spirit in my heart," the child answered sweetly.

"*Whatsoever HE saith unto you, do it.*" He, Jesus, who loved you and gave Himself for you. Ga. 2: 20.

A sweet little child said to her teacher, "I have to get good right off when I think of dear Jesus."

"Doesn't it tire the little arms?" one asked a

child who seemed to be performing a task beyond her strength. "Not when I do it for mother," the little one said with a smile.

"Isn't that load too heavy for you?" they said to a little boy carrying packages up the stairway. "No," he answered cheerily, "father knows how much I can carry."

In a city where the yellow fever was raging a gentleman met two Sisters of Charity going out early one morning. He asked, "Where are you going?" "To the pest house." "What for?" "To nurse the sick." "Why," said the gentleman, "I would not go to that house for ten thousand dollars." "Neither would I," was the reply, "but I would for the love of Jesus."

"Whatsoever He SAITH unto you, do it."

The Bible is God's Word to us. In it He tells us:

Love one another. Jno. 15:12.

Be ye kind one to another. Ph. 4:32.

Pray one for another. Jas. 5:16.

Honor thy father and mother. Eph. 6:2.

Let us esteem *all* His precepts concerning *all things* to be right. Ps. 119:128.

Blessed are they that hear the *Word of God*, and keep it. Lu. 11:28.

"Whatsoever He saith UNTO YOU, do it."

A little fatherless girl, when asked what she

could do to help her widowed mother, on whom had fallen the care and burden of her husband's business, said: "I can only pray to God, and hem the dusters." That was the work Jesus had given to her and she did it.

"*Whatsoever He saith unto you, DO it.*" One of the last texts in the Bible is: "Blessed are they that *do* His commandments." Re. 22:14.

Do them, not talk about them, not think about them. Not say, "Yes, I will," and then keep on playing. I wonder, dear, if you ever say when receiving a command from your parents, "Yes, mamma, in a minute" — "All right, papa, pretty soon." That is not true obedience and may bring trouble, as in the case of a dear little girl, who always meant to obey. If you had called Louise a disobedient child it would have hurt her, for it was her intention to obey. But, she never seemed to be ready just at the time. She had said "Wait a moment" so long that the moments sometimes grew into hours and there was always plenty of time with Louise. When her little brother was taken ill, it fell to Louise to be the errand-runner, and she was glad to do something to help. After the doctor had left one day with a serious face, she was sent, with instructions to be quick to the druggist's for medicine. "All right," she said. She had just taken

down her coat when her kitten came in and had to be cuddled, then she happened to think of the apples that came last night, and down to the cellar she ran to get one, then her hair didn't just suit her, and she gave it a few brushes. Finally, when she reached the street she met one of her friends, who would go with her, if Louise would first go to the shoe store with her. When the doctor came baby brother was worse; he asked what time he had been given the medicine, and when told, he said, "He ought to have had it a half hour before." Louise, poor girl, was almost heart-broken when she knew her brother was worse because she had been too slow getting the medicine, and all through the long illness that followed she learned to do quickly what she was told.

"*Whatsoever He saith unto you, do IT.*" We must do just what we are told, not something else. Jesus always did his Father's will.

OUR PRAYER. Our heavenly Father, we want to do whatsoever You say. Teach us how to do right. Help us always to obey for Jesus' sake. Amen.

Our Tenth Morning Glory.

PLUCK.

"Be strong and of a good courage." Deu. 31 : 6 ; Josh. 1 : 6, 7, 9.

(Mark texts with a blue P.)

Pluck means courage.

It takes pluck to be good.

This pluck the Hebrew children had, when they chose the fiery furnace rather than to bow down and worship the golden image which the king had set up. Da. 3: 16-18.

This pluck Daniel had. He was willing to be thrown into the hungry lion's den, rather than cease to pray to God three times a day, as he always had done. Da. 6: 10.

This pluck General Harrison had when, at a dinner in his honor as a candidate for the office of President, he refused wine. One of the guests "drank to his health." The general pledged his toast by drinking water. Another gentleman offered a toast and said: "General will you favor me by drinking a glass of wine?" General Harrison begged to be excused. Again urged to join in a glass of wine he rose and said, "Gentlemen, I have twice refused to partake of wine. I hope that will be sufficient. Though you press

the matter ever so much, not a drop shall pass my lips. I resolved when I started in life to avoid strong drink. That vow I have never broken. I am one of a class of seventeen young men who were graduated from college. The other sixteen fill drunkard's graves—and all from the habit of wine drinking. I owe health, happiness and prosperity to my resolution. Will you urge me to break it now?"

It takes pluck to do good.

A storm in Iowa undermined a bridge. A freight train crossing it at night fell through and several were killed. Kate Shelby heard the crash. She and her mother, alone in a cottage not far away, realized what had happened. Kate lighted a lantern and amid the hurricane started for the wreck.

Her light went out, but she felt her way through the woods and fallen timbers to the edge of the dashing waters that covered the drowned men.

She knew that the express was nearly due and that she was the only being who could prevent an awful catastrophe. To get to the office a mile away to telegraph and stop the express, she must cross a bridge four hundred feet long with nothing but ties and rails, the wind blowing a gale and the foaming waters beneath.

Not one man in a thousand but would have shrunk from the task, but this brave girl on hands and knees crawled over the long, weary bridge. Tie after tie was passed. It was time for the express to come dashing over the bridge which would hurl her into the dark waters. The blood from her lacerated knees stained her dress, but she did not falter. She reached the other side, and the remaining half mile almost flew to the telegraph office.

In broken accents she told her tale and fainted. The wires were set to work, and a dreadful disaster averted.

It takes pluck to fight sin.

Little David had pluck to go out and fight Goliath, who defied the armies of the living God, when King Saul and all the rest were afraid of the giant. I S. 17: 34-54.

A little boy stood watching a heavy laden truck before which was a tired horse who refused to go further. A number of trucks were waiting. The driver, a great, brutal fellow struck his horse a cruel blow. "Give it to him," the other drivers cried. Once more the lash came down with brutal force when suddenly the boy, with pale face, stepped forth and said:

"Stop beating your horse."

The driver looked amazed. "What did you

say youngster? Did you tell me to stop licking this 'ere horse? If you did I'll break this whip across your face!"

His temper was up. Great veins swelled out on his temples as, stooping, he yelled: "Let go, I tell you."

The boy did not flinch though the whip was uplifted, while the horse who recognized in him a friend rubbed his nose gently against his faded blue jacket. The driver, inwardly admiring the boy's pluck and seeing he was not to be frightened, changed his manner and said:

"I don't want to get in any trouble, youngster, I'll try and coax the critter along."

He got down and said a few kind words and the horse moved on. In the crowd was a banker who had advertised for a boy. "Just such a lad as I should like to have about me," he said to himself as he passed on. Five minutes later he stood in his office surrounded by fifty boys who had come to answer his advertisement. Presently the plucky boy came in. He was immediately engaged. God rewarded his courage.

It takes pluck to suffer.

"Tom Brown at Rugby" tells of one little boy who had pluck to say his evening prayers amid all sorts of interruptions and insults from the larger boys. And it soon came about that, whereas it

had been the exception for any boy to pray at Rugby, it was the exception if any boy did not.

A doctor was called to attend a little girl whose legs had been terribly torn in a turn-table. It looked as though they must both be cut off. The doctor did all he could to save them, and was successful up to a certain point, but the wounds would not heal. He told her friends that the only remedy was to ingraft pieces of skin upon the wounds.

The little girl's twelve-year-old brother offered the doctor as much skin as was needed. He said, "My boy, it will be very painful." He replied, "I guess I can stand it for Belle's sake."

He threw off his coat and never flinched while four strips of skin were taken from his arms. The surgeon said, "I never performed an operation which so impressed me, as taking the skin from the brave little boy, whose love for his sister made him forget the pain."

OUR PRAYER. Heavenly Father, make us brave to be good, brave to do good, brave to fight sin, and brave to suffer for Thee. Amen.

Our Eleventh Morning Glory.

PRESENCE.

"In thy presence is fullness of joy." Ps. 16: 11.

(Mark with a purple P.)

The conscious presence of God is a "morning glory" in the lives of those who love and obey Him.

Do you remember the story of Joseph? How his brothers hated him and sold him and how he suffered? Have you ever wondered how he bore it all? Stephen gives us the brightness of his life those thirteen years. He says: "The patriarchs, moved with envy, sold Joseph into Egypt, but *God was with him.*" Ac. 7: 9. There, in the home of Potiphar, where he met the great temptation and suffered so unjustly, "*the Lord was with Joseph,*" Ge. 39: 2; there, in the prison where his "feet they hurt with fetters: he was laid in iron," Ps. 105: 17, 18, and there seemed no possibility of the fulfillment of his dreams, "*the Lord was with Joseph.*" Ge. 39: 21. Yes, "His presence saved," Isa. 63: 9, Joseph from despair and death.

In an English prison was a dark, lonely, underground cell, a place of punishment much dreaded

by the prisoners. Among them was a refined, nervous man, to whom the horror of this penalty was a fright which haunted him. At length he was falsely accused and sent to spend twenty-four hours in the dark, dreary place. He was led down the stairs to the cell and shut in. The warden retreated, closed the outermost door, at the top of the stairs, and went away. In the stillness and darkness the man sank upon the cold floor filled with fear. Strange, hideous shapes seemed to point at him. Mocking voices seemed to taunt him. His brain throbbed as with fever. It seemed that terror would drive him mad. Suddenly there came a sound of footsteps overhead and the chaplain quietly called his name. Never was music so sweet; never was sound so welcome. "God bless you," gasped the poor fellow; "are you there?" "Yes, and I am not going to stir from here until you come out." "What, sir?" "I am not going away as long as you are here. I knew what an agony it would be to you so I came as soon as I could and here I am going to stay." The poor man could not thank him enough. "God bless you," he said; "why, I don't mind it a bit now, with you there like that." The terror was all gone. Nothing could harm him while his friend was so near, unseen, but just above. Now and then, upon the silence came

the cheery voice: "Are you all right?" And back from a voice ringing with gratitude and gladness would come the answer: "God bless you, sir; I'm all right now."

Dear one, the next time you are hurt, or sorrowful, or in the dark, listen while from above there comes down to you the soft, sweet whisper from the "Man of Sorrows:" "Lo, I am with you." Mat: 28: 20. "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee." He. 13: 5.

David said, "The upright shall dwell in thy presence." Ps. 140: 13. We are upright when we:

Speak only what we would like God to hear.

Do only what we would like God to see.

Write only what we would like God to read.

Read only what God can approve.

Go only where we would like to be if Jesus should come.

The little girl lived as in the presence of God whose mother sent her one Lord's Day morning to buy something, and she said: "It's Sunday, mamma!" "Hide it under your apron, then," replied the mother, only thinking of the neighbors. But the child said: "God can see under the apron, mamma." I think she must have read the text, "Thou God seest me," don't you? Ge. 16: 13.

A little four year old infant scholar was left alone a little while by his aunt who told him to

play with the wood-pile until she returned. When she came back and took the little fellow in her lap he said, "Auntie, I was naughty while you were gone." "Why, I don't see anything that you have done." "No, you can't see it, but I took the key and unlocked the door and got one of my pennies to buy a stick of candy. When I had locked the door and gone off God said, 'That is naughty. God don't like it and auntie won't like it either.' I went and put it back, but God saw the naughty.'" He was not afraid to have God see the naughty when he did not mean to do it and resisted the temptation.

A tiny boy two years old, stood in a ray of sunshine, and said gaily, "Me standing in God's smile, mamma." His mother said, "God grant my darling boy may so live as always to stand in God's smile." Not long after God called the mother; she left her boy to the care of others. He grew to manhood and grew in favor with the king and tried to please him and forgot to put God first. But he was restless and unhappy. God's smile was gone. One day, looking over some old relics, he found a paper parcel. Inside was a tiny pair of blue shoes, and a letter in his mother's hand writing. "These shoes were worn by my darling boy when he was two years of age. He stood in a ray of sunlight saying, 'Me standing in

God's smile, mamma.' God grant my darling boy may so live as always to stand in God's smile." Through the little shoes and the mother's letter God spoke to him. He saw that he had been standing in the king's smile and lost God's smile.

He had been living in the king's presence and lost the joy of God's presence. He confessed his sin, asked God to forgive him and stood again "in God's smile."

OUR PRAYER. Heavenly Father, help us to love Thee and obey Thee and live in Thy smile, enjoying Thy presence. Amen.

Our Twelfth Morning Glory.

PLEASANT.

"Is He a pleasant child?" Jer. 31: 20.

(Mark with a yellow P.)

It had rained for three days. That morning the fire smoked, the dining room was cold, papa looked glum, mamma was tired, the baby was sick, Polly was fretful and Bridget was cross, and the visitor at the home did not feel very happy. Just then Jack came in with the breakfast rolls. "Here's the paper, sir," said he to his father with such a cheerful tone that his brow relaxed, and he said, "Ah! Jack, thank you," quite pleasantly. His mother looked up, smiling, and he just touched her cheek gently as he passed. "The top of the morning to you, Pollywog," he said to his little sister, and delivered the rolls to Bridget with a "Here you are, Bridget. Aren't you sorry you didn't go yourself this beautiful day?" He gave the fire a poke and opened the damper. The smoke ceased, and presently the coals began to glow, and five minutes after Jack came in they were gathered around the table and eating cheerily. This seems simple in telling, and Jack never knew he had done anything, but he had

changed the whole atmosphere of the room, and started a gloomy day pleasantly for five people. "He is always so," said his mother when the visitor spoke about it afterwards, "just as sunny and kind, and ready all the time." Surely we can say in answer to our "morning glory" text that Jack was a "pleasant child." But the boy reminds me of another Bible verse, "He shall be as the light of the morning, when the sun riseth, even a morning without clouds." 2 S. 23:4.

The morning needs the soul's sunshine. Then let us have the bright face, the tender greeting, the pleasant bit of news, the kindly offer of assistance.

"Mother's cross," said Maggie, coming out to the kitchen with a pout on her lips.

Her aunt, busy ironing, looked up and said: "The time for you to be pleasant and helpful. Mother was awake in the night with the baby."

Maggie made no reply. She put on her hat and went into the garden. But a new idea went with her—"The time to be pleasant is when others are cross."

"True enough," thought she, "that would do the most good. When I was ill I was so nervous I could hardly help being cross; and mother never got out of patience, but was quite pleasant with me. I ought to pay it back now."

She jumped up from the grass and went with a pleasant face to the room where her mother was sitting soothing a fretful teething baby.

"Couldn't I take him out to ride in his carriage, mother?" she asked. "It is such a sunny morning." The coat and hat were brought and baby was soon ready.

"I'll keep him as long as he's good," said Maggie, "and you must lie on the sofa and take a nap while I am gone. You look dreadful tired."

The kind words and the kiss that Maggie gave her were almost too much for the mother and her voice trembled as she said, "Thank you, dear; it will do me a world of good? My head aches badly."

I wonder if our Lord did not look down from Heaven on Maggie and think "How beautiful are thy feet with shoes, O prince's daughter!—how fair and how pleasant art thou, O love!" S. of S. 7:1, 6. Any way Maggie was happy as she turned the carriage up and down on the walk and resolved to act on her aunt's good words; "The time to be pleasant is when others are tired and cross."

On the platform, waiting for the cars, was little Daisy and her mother. The only other person in sight was a fine-looking, middle-aged man, but his head was bent low, and his face looked as

the sky does when thick clouds cover it. He walked up and down with long steps, but did not once look at Daisy and did not seem to hear or see anything.

Little Daisy saw the trouble in his face, and her baby heart longed to comfort him. She slipped her hand from mamma's, and when he again came near took a step or two forward, made a quaint little bow, and cooed out in her sweetest tones, "How do?"

The man stopped and looked at her, the trouble still in his eyes.

"How do?" Daisy again lisped, as her sweet, grave face looked up at him.

"How do you do, my little lady?" he asked in a pleased surprise, as he held out his hand to her.

"Pitty 'ell," she returned, putting her tiny hand in his. The dark clouds had all gone from his face now.

"Ou solly? (sorry) I solly too!" were her next words.

With a flash of light in his eyes, and a sob in his voice, the stranger caught her up in his arms tenderly.

"I 'ove 'ou," she said; and laid her soft cheeks lovingly against his.

"Her sweet words have done me more good than I can ever tell, madam," the gentleman

said, as he put Daisy in her mother's arms and hurried into a car.

What battle was going on in his soul that the little one helped him to win, or what trouble she had lifted from his heart, we cannot know, but Daisy had proved true that proverb of Solomon which says, "Pleasant words are as an honey-comb, sweet to the soul." Pr. 16: 24.

OUR PRAYER.

“ Just to smile for Jesus,
On my way—
To work and speak for Jesus
When I may ;

Just to shine for Jesus
Every day.
Just to sing His praises
On my way ;

Just to shine for Jesus
Everywhere.
This, O blessed Savior,
Is my prayer.”

Our Thirteenth Morning Glory.

PATIENCE.

"Let patience have her perfect work." Jas. 1:4.

(Mark P, with a gray crayon and draw a gray line under the word patience.)

Patience is a grace that helps us to exercise other graces. We read in the Book about:

Patience in *running*. He. 12:1.

Patience in *waiting*. Ps. 37:7; 2 Th. 3:5.

Patience in *tribulation*. Ro. 5:3.

Patience in *faith*. Jas. 1:3.

Patience in *fruit bearing*. Lu. 8:15.

Patience in *ministry*. 2 Co. 6:4; 12:12.

We read about the "patience of hope," 1 Th. 1:3. If hope is too confident it needs to be checked, if patience lacks courage it needs to be cheered.

A proverb says, "Patience is the remedy for all troubles."

A little Scotch girl in a class was asked, "What is patience?" She said, "It is wait a wee, and dinna weary." In our language that means, "Wait a bit and don't get tired."

Patience is the climax of loving. It is "love"

that is "long-suffering," Ga. 5:22; love that "endureth all things." I Co. 13:7.

Pastor Fliedner of Germany, was put in prison in Spain for loyalty to God. The day he was brought there the jailer struck him a sharp blow on the ear. He did not make the slightest resistance, nor show the least anger. When the jailer went away the men began talking about it.

"He's a heretic," sneered one, "and deserved no better!"

"He has no spirit!" said a revengeful Spaniard, "else he never would have submitted to that blow."

"I say, you Protestant! You pray, don't you?" asked a third.

"Yes," replied the new-comer, "I do."

"Come, now, tell us how you do it? You talk to God, eh?"

"Yes," he replied again.

"And you think you get answered. How do you know He answers you?"

"See here!" said the prisoner. "You saw the jailer strike me?"

"Yes," was the reply.

"I haven't been struck since I was a boy, and needed a box on my ear from my mother. I am a strong man, and that jailer is small and weak. If I had chosen I could have struck him such a

blow as he would have remembered." The Spaniard said: "Yes, you could."

"You want to know how I know God hears me. I prayed for patience and he gave it to me."

The Spaniard was impressed, and sat in deep thought. The prisoner fell asleep, and on waking at four o'clock in the morning, found one of the men on his knees reading the story of the Prodigal Son. Poor prodigal! He was reading the story of his own life.

"Thank God!" said the good Pastor Fliedner, "for that box on my ear, and for the opportunity of preaching the truth in such a place!"

Patience will keep the tongue from answering back.

Patience will keep the hand from striking back.

"Mother," said Mary, "I can't make Henry put his figures as I tell him."

"Be patient, my dear, and do not speak so sharply."

"But he won't let me tell him how to put the figures; and he does not know how to do it himself," said Mary pettishly.

"Well, my dear, if Henry won't learn a lesson in figures, suppose you teach him one in patience."

To be patient is to follow the example of the good in all ages.

Job was patient. Jas. 5:11.

Abraham was patient. He. 6:15.

David was patient. Ps. 40:1.

Paul was patient. 2 Ti. 3:10.

Our Heavenly Father says to us, "Be ye also patient." Jas. 5:8. Shall we be?

OUR PRAYER. Heavenly Father, give us the grace of patience. Help us to remember how patient Jesus always was when on earth. Help us to remember how patient Thou art with us and that will help us to be patient with others.

Our Fourteenth Morning Glory.

PERSEVERANCE.

“Hark!” says Morning-Glory,
“Hear what all my bells are chiming,
Blue and pink so softly rhyming,
‘Keep on climbing! Keep on climbing!’
This is all their story.”

“Praying....and watching thereunto with all perseverance.”

Eph. 6: 18.

(Mark with a brown P.)

Our last Morning Glory seems like this one but there is a difference. Patience is passive, perseverance is active; patience is silently waiting, perseverance is steadily working; patience is keeping still, perseverance is going on; patience is willingness to suffer, perseverance is persistence to overcome. We need both. There is a text which might read: “Patient perseverance in well-doing.” Ro. 2:7.

A missionary in China met a wealthy woman and wanted to tell her about Jesus, but the China woman would not listen. A number of times she called to see her but without any result.

One day hearing that the woman was ill she thought: “Now she will want to hear about my Jesus.” She went, but the sick woman only

turned wearily on her pillow. The weeks went by. The Missionary prayed and waited, "watching thereunto with all perseverance," until one day she heard that the woman was dying. She went again and tried to tell her about Jesus, but she did not want to hear. The doctor came in. He said to the China woman: "There is only one possible chance for your life. If you have no friend who will let me take some of their skin to cover your sore, and will let me put some of the healthy blood from their veins into yours, you must die." The China woman had a son whom she was sure would be willing to give some of his skin and blood to save his mother's life. She sent for him but he only laughed in his dying mother's face. He would not suffer pain and loss even to save her life. Then the Missionary stepped to her bed-side and offered to give her blood and skin. The physician successfully performed the operation. The China woman got well. One day she sat looking down at the white patch of skin, on her dark arm, given because the Missionary was willing to suffer pain to save her life. She sent for her friend and said, "Missionary, what made you do it? how could you do it?" Then the Missionary told the China woman of the love of Jesus. With tears running down her face she said: "Missionary I'll have your

Jesus now." It took both patience and perseverance to win this wealthy, influential China woman to Christ.

Some years ago, a barefoot, ragged boy went into a factory and asked for a place as errand boy. "There is a deal of running to be done," said the man, "you would first need a pair of shoes."

The boy, with a grave nod, disappeared. He lived by doing odd jobs in the market, and slept under one of the stalls. Two months passed before he had saved enough money to buy the shoes. Then he presented himself before Mr. Blank, and held out a package. "I has the shoes sir," he said quietly.

Mr. Blank said, "You want a place? Not in those rags, my lad; you would disgrace the house."

The boy went out without a word. Six months passed before he returned, decently clothed in coarse but new garments. Mr. Blank's interest was aroused. He looked at the boy. His thin, bloodless face showed that he had stinted himself of food for months in order to buy those clothes. The man now questioned the boy closely and found, to his regret, that he could neither read nor write.

"You should do both before we could employ

you in carrying home packages," he said. "We have no place for you."

The lad's face grew paler, but without a word of complaint he went away. He went fifteen miles into the country and found a place to work in stables near a night school. At the end of the year he again came to Mr. Blank.

"I can read and write," he said briefly.

The man was touched by the boy's patience. He admired his perseverance. "You may have the place," he said. In a few years the boy became the foreman of the factory. It reminds me of the text:

"Let us not be weary in well-doing: for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not." Ga. 6:9.

Perseverance will do seemingly impossible things. Geo. F. Pentecost went once into a large factory and saw hanging from the ceiling by a piece of strong wire, a heavy bar of steel. At a distance was a string, hanging also from the ceiling, with a small cork at the end of it. The foreman said: "I can take this cork and move that bar of steel with it." The doctor laughed. He did not believe the man. It looked impossible. He said: "If you can spare fifteen minutes I will show you." "Yes," said the doctor. The foreman took the cork in his fingers and drew it back and cast it at the bar of steel. It struck but

seemed to make no impression. Again and again he threw it, always striking at the same place. At last there was the faintest motion. In ten minutes the bar was swaying to and fro. So hearts that are hard and immovable as this bar of steel can be touched and swayed by persevering kindness.

It is the persevering soul that wins the reward. Ole Bull, the great violinist and John Ericsson, the inventor, who built the iron clad Monitor, were friends in early life, but drifted apart and did not meet until both were renowned. The first time they met Ole Bull invited Ericsson to his concert that night, but the inventor declined, saying he had no time to waste. Many times as they met the musician extended the same invitation which was always refused. At length the master of the violin pressed his friend urgently, saying, "If you do not come, I shall bring my violin and play in your shop." He was answered half playfully, half angrily: "If you bring the thing here, I shall smash it." But Ole Bull kept his word and walked into the shop with his violin. Seeing the evident displeasure on his friend's face, he began conversing with him about the scientific and acoustic properties of certain woods. From that they passed to a discussion of sound waves, semitones, etc. At last to illustrate some point

Ole Bull played a few chords. From this he drifted into a rich melody. The workmen dropped their tools and stood in silent admiration. He played on and on, and when he finally ceased, the great inventor looked up with moist eyes and said, "Do not stop. Go on! Go on! I never knew until now what there was lacking in my life." What Ole Bull did to win his friend to a love of music, we are to do to win others to the love of Jesus.

OUR PRAYER. Heavenly Father, help us to persevere in every good work. Help us never to be weary in well-doing.

Our Fifteenth Morning Glory.

PLEDGE.

"We will drink no wine." Jer. 35: 6.

(Mark all Temperance texts with purple. Mark thus. P. p.)

The Bible story from which our Morning Glory text is taken tells of a family of Rechabites whose father said to them: "Ye shall drink no wine, neither ye, nor your sons forever." Jer. 35: 6.

They were faithful, every boy and man of them. Years afterwards when their descendants were tempted they said bravely: "We will drink no wine." And because of this God said: "Jonadab the son of Rechab shall not want a man to stand before me forever." Jer. 35: 19. This pledge of the Rechabites is a good one for all boys and girls.

One day a man dipped a piece of cake in some whiskey and gave it to his dog. The little fellow ate it slowly curling up his lip to avoid the taste and in other ways showing his dislike to it. Soon he became tipsy. He howled piteously, looking up into his master's face as if for help. He staggered like a drunken man, then fell on the floor and lay there howling until the effects of the drink wore off. The dog never forgot the trick. When-

ever his master went to the press for his bottle he would hurry to the outside of the house. One day the door being shut, he sprang through the window.

What a pity that all boys and girls will not be as sensible as a dog, and let liquor alone. I know one who was. He was only six, and used to come to our Boy's Temperance Rooms in ragged clothes because his father drank. We never asked him to sign the pledge, we thought he was too little. But when a visitor asked those to raise their hands who were temperance boys, his was always lifted. One of our ladies called upon his mother. She said: "My husband don't drink any more." "When did he leave off, and how did it happen?" "Willie refused to go for the beer. He told his father he was a temperance boy now, and he could not go for it without breaking his promise, and he made such a time about it, his father gave it up."

I have a friend who asked her boy to sign the pledge when he was a little fellow. She taught him some of the things the Bible says about drinking wine. Here are seven of them.

"*Wine* is a mocker." Pr. 20: 1.

"Who hath sorrow? they that tarry long at the *wine*." Pr. 23: 30.

“ Look not thou upon the *wine* when it is red.”
Pr. 23: 31.

“ They also have erred through *wine*.” Isa.
28: 7.

“ Be not among *wine-bibbers*.” Pr. 23: 20.

“ Not given to *wine*.” 1 Ti. 3: 3.

“ Be not drunk with *wine*.” Ph. 5: 18.

The lad left home quite young and went to Europe to study. He remained away three years. During all that time he never once wrote home to his mother anything about his pledge. Even in her anxiety to know if he were true she trusted him too completely ever to write and ask him if he had always kept it. At the German University she knew he would be dreadfully tempted, but she prayed and trusted and waited. After his return he said no word on the subject, but one day he took from his trunk a picture which set the mind of his mother forever at rest. It was a photograph of all the German students, each one taken with a glass of beer in his hand. But the mother's true boy had a bottle of soda water sticking out of his pocket. He never drank the wine or the beer, and he was brave enough to stand alone. Don't you believe my friend was proud of her boy, and are you not sure Jesus was pleased with him?

A poor, ragged little boy stood looking down

at the fragments of a stone jug, which he had but the moment before broken with a brickbat. He was sobbing as though his heart would break. His father who was a drunkard but sober for once, found him so. "Who broke my bottle?" he asked. "I did," said Tim, catching his breath in terror. "Why did you?" Tim looked up. The voice did not sound so terrible as he had expected. His father had been touched at sight of the forlorn figure, so small and so sorrowful, bending over the broken bottle. "Why," he said, "I was lookin' for a pair of new shoes. I want a pair of shoes to wear to the picnic. All the other chaps wear shoes!" "How came you to think you'd find shoes in a bottle?" "Why, mamma said so. I asked her for some new shoes and she said they had gone into the black bottle, and lots of other things had gone into it, too—coats and hats, and bread and meat and things—and I thought if I broke it I'd find 'em all, and there ain't a thing in it—and mamma never said what wasn't so before—and I thought 'twould be so—sure." And Tim sat down again and cried harder than ever. His father seated himself on a box and remained quiet so long that Tim, at last, looked timidly up. "I'm real sorry I broke your bottle, father, I'll never do it again." "No, I guess you won't," he said, laying a hand on the rough little head as

he went away leaving Tim to wonder that his father had not been angry with him.

On the evening before the picnic, he handed Tim a parcel, telling him to open it. "New shoes! new shoes!" he shouted. "Oh, father, did you get a new bottle? and were they in it?"

"No, my boy, there isn't going to be a new bottle. Your mother was right all the time—the things all went into the bottle; but getting them out is no easy matter, so I am going to keep them out after this." His father kept his pledge.

OUR PLEDGE. "We will drink no wine," nor beer, nor cider, nor anything that intoxicates, as long as we live.

NAMES.

.....

OUR PRAYER. Heavenly Father, help us to remember the pledge we have solemnly signed; help us never to break it; help us to do all we can to get others to be temperate.

Our Sixteenth Morning Glory.

PITY.

"In His love and in His pity He redeemed them." Isa. 63: 9.

"Redeemed . . . with the precious blood of Christ." 1 P. 1:18, 19.

(Draw a red line under pity. Mark Morning Glory texts with a i.)

To redeem is to buy back, and set free. We were slaves of Satan. Jesus bought us back from the Devil, not with money but with his blood.

An English traveler found a poor slave who had been taken in war by a savage tribe. His owner had ordered him to be killed for a small offence. The traveler, filled with pity for the man, offered the chief many costly things if he would spare the slave's life. But the reply was: "Man of the pale face, Libe has ivory and gold, oxen and slaves, and when he wants more he calls out his warriors and rushes on the other tribes, as the river-horse crashes through the weeds, and bears off all that he will. Libe needs not thy spoil, oh, white face; Libe seeks not gold, but blood."

Then he ordered one of his men to discharge an arrow at the heart of poor Garra. The traveler threw himself in front of the slave, held up

his arms and the next moment the arrow was quivering in his flesh.

A cry burst from the lips of Libe when he saw that the Englishman was struck. He liked the white man. He also feared the power of England and the vengeance of the pale faces.

The traveler drew the arrow from his arm and said to the chief, "Thou dost not seek gold but blood? See, here it flows before thee. I give my blood for this poor slave and I claim his life." The chief had never seen such "love and pity" before, and was overcome by it. He gave the slave to the traveler saying: "Be it so. Thou hast bought him. He is thine."

When Libe and his wild train went away the redeemed slave uttered a cry of joy, threw himself at the feet of his deliverer, and covered his feet with kisses and said, "Garra, the slave of the son of pity, the blood-bought, always thy faithful slave."

The Englishman told the poor creature of Him whose blood was given to redeem the world. He could never make him take his freedom. Wherever he went the slave was beside him, and no drudgery was too hard, no task too hopeless for the grateful slave to do for his redeemer. If the heart of a poor heathen can thus be won by the wound on a stranger's arm, shall not we, who are

"redeemed by the precious blood of Christ," give our lives to his service?

"To him that is afflicted pity should be showed." Job. 6: 14.

"A kiss saved me," an old man said, as he stood one evening before a large audience. "I know nothing," he continued, "of my parents or of my birth. Nothing in all the bitter past clings so close to memory as the certainty that I belong to nobody and nobody belongs to me. Poverty isn't so hard if we've some one to love us; but no one cared for me and all the days were alike, and the night seemed an eternity of time. There is a bitterness of sorrow in the lives of the homeless of which God only can know. The snow had fallen and the cold March winds were blowing, leaving us, the little waifs for whom no one cared, no choice, except the sunniest side of the dismal street in which we found shelter. I, with others, had sought the sunny side, when a lady paused beside us, smoothed back my tangled locks and kissed me. That was the first caress I had ever known, and it saved me. It was years before I grew out of that life to a better one; but whether I had where to lay my head, or not, I felt the presence of a light footfall, the soft touch of a hand. Out of the pure depths of her pitying womanhood she kissed me. It was a trifling thing

indeed, to kiss a homeless, friendless child; but because of that kiss, and with the Father's help, I stand to-day upon the firm basis of an honorable manhood."

Three girls from wealthy families were one day going to the park to have a picnic. They wore nice clothes, and had their lunch baskets, and were considered cultured girls. They were laughing and having a good time. Soon the street car stopped and into it came a poor girl with her sick brother. They too were going to the park. They were poorly dressed. Soon one of the young girls remarked about them, "I wonder if they are going to the park." Another said, "I hope not; if I looked as they look I should be ashamed to go away from my own door, wouldn't you?" "Yes, indeed," said the other, "but there is no accounting for tastes. I think there ought to be a special line of cars for the lower class." A gentleman sat near and heard them. He wondered if the poor girl had heard what they had said. He turned and saw tears in her eyes. Yes, she had heard. Soon the car stopped again, and in came another nicely dressed girl, with a bunch of flowers in her hand. The three girls knew her and spoke very pleasantly to her. "Where are you going to," asked one. "Oh, what lovely flowers!" exclaimed another. "I am on my way

to Belle Clark's. She is sick, and the flowers are for her." Then she saw the poor girl looking wistfully at her. She smiled and went over to the little ones. She said, "The little boy is sick isn't he, and he is your brother, he clings to you so?" "Yes, Freddy is sick; he has never been very well. Yes, Miss, he is my brother. We are going to the park to see if it will not make him better." After riding a few more blocks the pretty girl got out. Half of the boquet she put into the sister's hands, and gave the little boy some of her lunch. How happy they were. The little boy said, "What makes her so good to us? She did not call us ragmuffins, and did not mind her dress touching us. She called me dear, she did. What made her?" Sue whispered, "I guess it is because she is beautiful as well as her clothes. Beautiful inside, you know." The gentleman heard Sue's remark, and said, "Yes, you are right. The lovely young girl is beautiful inside. She is one of the Lord's own, bless her."

OUR PRAYER. We thank Thee, Oh, Father, that Jesus in love and pity bought us with His blood. Help us to pity others and be kind to them for Jesus' sake.

Our Seventeenth Morning Glory.

PIETY.

"Learn to show piety at home." 1 Ti. 5: 4.

(Mark with a green P.)

Piety is loving obedience and filial reverence.

A gentleman went to visit a philosopher. He met the great man's little daughter before he met the wise man himself. Knowing that the father was such a sage he thought the little girl must have learned something wonderful, and he said: "What is your father teaching you?" The little maid looked at him with clear blue eyes and said, "Obedience." That is the great lesson of life and a morning glory worth plucking.

Two little children playing in the snow were invited by a young lady to her temperance school. So impressive was the talk and so earnest the invitation the little ones rose with the rest to pledge never to touch wine or beer or cider, and went home firm in the determination. As usual, at supper time Fred's father brought out the tin pail and bade him go for the beer. "I can't papa." "Can't, —why not?" "I'm a temperance boy, now." "Tush! tush! child! Go for the beer!" "Papa, I can't." "But you must,"—angrily. "Papa,

won't you please whip me and go get it yourself?" "Fred, not another word," the mother interrupted decidedly; "go and get the beer."

"But, mamma, I've promised not to touch it. Won't you whip me *hard* and let papa go?"

"Nonsense! You shall never go there again! The idea of teaching my children to disobey me!"

Fred hesitated a moment, then a bright thought seemed to come, for he smiled. "Put the pail on the door-step, then," he said, and the father willing to humor him, put the pail on the veranda and closed the door. Fred went to the wood-pile, selected a long stick, thrust it through the handle of the pail, and called to his sister. "Take hold, Fannie, papa has sent me for the beer, and it's got to be done, but I won't even touch the pail." They reached the liquor dealer's and tapped on the window. The man looked out.

"Come in!" he called kindly. "No, sir!" Then pointing to the pail on the door-step, "Father wants his beer." "Bring it in." "I will not, I'm a temperance boy." So the liquor dealer was forced to come for the empty pail. He came back with it filled, and held it toward the lad. "Put it on the step. I will not touch it." The man was obliged to obey. Once more the boy thrust the long stick through the handle of the pail, and slowly and sorrowfully the children walked home.

The father seated by the window, saw them coming. "Mother, come here this minute. Just look at those children. They won't touch the beer, and they are bringing it home on a stick." Silently the two watched their children—their good, obedient children. "How sad they look, poor things," the father said, remembering how Fred had pleaded to be whipped rather than be sent for the beer. "I declare I'm ashamed to be drinking the stuff." "We used to have money before we got into the habit. Suppose we give it up." "I will, if you will." "It's a bargain." Slowly the children came, not knowing of the glad surprise awaiting them. "Freddie," the father said, as they came up the pathway, "you may pour that beer out into the road. Father and mother have decided not to drink any more if it hurts their little boy and girl so." With glad shouts they hurried to the street. A stranger riding by might have wondered why those children were so happy over pouring into the roadway the contents of a pail of beer! But Fred and Fannie knew.

One morning a drunken father who was ill called his boy to him and bade him go to the neighbors and steal some wood, for they were all out of fuel and there was no money to buy any. "I can not do it, father," the boy said quickly. "Can't?

Why not?" angrily. "Because I learned at Sunday-school, 'Thou shalt not steal.'" "And did you not learn, 'Mind your parents,' too?" "Yes, father." "Well, then, mind you do what I tell you." The boy did not know how to argue with his father, so he said, "I can pray to-night for some wood; it's better than stealing, I know."

And when he crept up into his loft where his straw bed was, he prayed the Lord's Prayer, which his teacher had taught him, only he said, "Give us this day our daily wood," instead of "Give us this day our daily bread." Mat. 6: 11. The next day at noon came a load of hickory. His rich Heavenly Father was pleased to have him "show piety at home," and put it into the heart of a friend to send the wood.

We read of Jesus that He offered up prayers "and was heard for his piety." He. 5:7, Marg.

A little tenement boy had a father who saw "no use in Sunday-school," and a mother who thought it "too much bother" to get him ready. He had been a few times and learned: "Children obey your parents in the Lord: for this is right." Eph. 6: 1. So when his parents objected to his going he took his little Testament which his teacher had given him and sat down contentedly to read. "What's in that book?" gruffly asked his father. "Such a lovely story father, let me read it to you?"

As his father made no objection he read the story of the birth of the Christ-child. When he had finished the father seemed softened and said, "Nothing much there to hurt you." The next Sunday he listened again. And the next he asked the boy to take him where he "got that book."

How happy John was to go again. He introduced his father, who stayed all through the service and at the end went to the teacher and asked if he might come with his boy again. "I like to hear about this Jesus of yours," he said. So he came week after week, and the simple teaching of love, kindness and truth touched his heart until he desired to become a follower of that Jesus whom he first heard of as a little babe. John by his obedience not only gained his wish but much more, a Christian father.

The commandment which has reference to "piety," reads: "Honor thy father and thy mother," Ex. 20: 12, and to honor is more than to obey.

A lad was invited by his companions to go to a certain lake for his favorite sport of fishing. He had never been told not to go. There would be no disobedience in going. He felt doubtful, however, about his mother's wishes with regard to it, and hesitated. His friends urged him; his own desire helped their pleas, but something within

told him that it would be against his mother's approval, and he refused. There was no time to ascertain the fact, and so they continued to urge his going. They said, "Your mother has not forbidden you to go there; besides she would not know of it." "Ah, but," was the reply, "I do not think she would approve of my going, and although she might not know it, I should feel guilty of keeping a secret from her. I will not go."

To honor is to love.

A little boy who had just repeated the fifth commandment was asked by his teacher to explain it. He hesitated, then said, softly, as his face flushed: "Yesterday I showed a strange gentleman over the mountain. The sharp stones cut my feet and the gentleman saw they were bleeding, and gave me some money to buy shoes. I gave it to my mother, for she has no shoes either, and I thought I could go barefoot better than she could."

"My dearest of mothers." The words were repeated softly by a widow whose son, a talented man, was away engineering in a distant state. One of his recent letters had closed, "And now, my dearest of mothers, good-by." He little guessed how the tender pet phrase would comfort the heart who loved him, and how she would re-

peat it softly to herself as she sat alone in her room.

OUR PRAYER. Help us, Oh, Lord, to learn to show piety at home. We bless Thee for kind parents. Help us always to honor and obey them and so prove that we love them and love Thee.

Our Eighteenth Morning Glory.

PAIN. Ps. 25: 18.

(Mark Prayer Texts with a red P. Promises with a Purple P. Precepts with a red DO. Draw a red line under the others.)

Pain is to punish us. Le. 26: 18; Am. 3: 2.

A lady riding down Mt. Washington in a stage, heard a driver say to his horses: "Now if you are ready to keep the road I will put up the whip." The man loved his horses, but they were in danger of being killed and all the passengers also if they did not keep the road. God loves even when he punishes. If the sinning would only listen they might hear him say: "If you are ready to keep the road I will put up the whip."

God's punishment is just. Little Grace was much tried when her curly hair was combed. One day, she was crying loud and bitterly, when her mother asked, "Grace, what will the neighbors say when they hear you make such a noise?" Pausing in her weeping, she sobbed, "They will say 'Why don't that woman spank that child?'" If we are naughty, and moan, and cry, and fret, and rebel when God is taking the curl out of our lives and He has to punish us for it, let us be as

honest as little Grace, and say, "The punishment is just."

Pain is to purify us. Mal. 3: 3; Tit. 2: 14.

"He shall sit as a refiner—*He* shall purify." Mal. 3: 3. God alone appoints the pain. "He shall *sit* as a refiner." This is not the attitude of careless indifference but of absorbing attention. He sits because He remembers, not because He forgets. Some Dublin ladies studying this Scripture asked one of their number to visit a silversmith and learn the process of refining. The metal is heated. The dross, as it gathers, is removed from the top. The film grows finer and finer and a number of lovely rings form one after another. As the metal grows purer, the fire must be hotter. At last, the film disappears and the brilliant surface of the silver flashes forth in purity and glory.

The lady asked, "Do you *sit* while the work of refining is going on?" "Yes, madam," the refiner replied, "I must sit with my eyes steadily fixed upon the furnace, for if the time necessary for refining be exceeded, in the slightest degree, the silver is sure to be injured." As the lady was leaving, the silversmith called her back and said, "I only know when the process of refining is complete by seeing my own image reflected in the silver." As the refiner watches the precious metal, so

Christ in patient love waits until He sees His own image reflected in His people and the work of purifying is complete.

Men do not heat the furnace for gravel but for gold. Only genuine metal is worth the care necessary to the process of purifying. The unquestionably worthless is rejected, not refined.

God does not let pain come to us for His pleasure but "for our profit." He. 12:10. As frosts kill insects, as thunder storms purify the atmosphere, as harsh winds strengthen the trees, as bitter medicine heals disease, as threshing machines separate the wheat from the chaff, so pain is intended to make us better and stronger and purer.

A poor woman carrying a baby one winter day, asked a farmer to let her ride with him in his wagon. He consented, not knowing how cold the day was. Soon he saw that the woman was likely to freeze to death and advised her not to sleep. At length, turning round, he saw that numbed with cold, she had dropped into that fatal sleep that ends in death. He stopped his horse, shook the woman violently and tried to waken her; but she only said, sleepily, "Let me alone; I am not cold," and in a second was fast asleep again. The man shook her roughly, but could not rouse her. He thought a moment. There

was only one thing to do. With difficulty he lifted the mother and child out into the snow. Then he forced the child from her arms and sprang into the wagon and drove away. "My child! my child!" the mother cried, frantically, hurrying after him. He would let her get almost up to him that he might watch her, and then drive on again. He says, "How I did it I cannot tell; it seemed such cruel work; but I did, and the brave, loving mother held on for half a mile. When the color had returned to her white face, and health and life were flowing through her veins, I stopped. She sprang to my side and snatched her crying baby from my arms and lulled it to sleep. Then she began to understand my strange conduct. When we reached her home, she thanked me, with tears in her eyes, and looking lovingly on her sleeping babe, said, "It seemed so cruel, but oh, it was most kind! If you had not done it, my child would have been motherless now."

So the time will surely come when we can look up into God's face and say, "It seemed so cruel, but oh, it was most kind."

Pain is to prove us. Ex. 20: 18, 20.

Job's pain proved his patience. Job. 23: 10; Jas. 5: 10, 11.

Abraham's trial developed his faith. He. 11: 17.

Moses, slandered, showed his meekness. Nu. 12: 1-3.

Daniel's difficulties revealed his fidelity. Da. 1: 8; 6: 10.

Stephen's persecutions proved him a martyr. Ac. 7: 54-60.

Christ's temptations proved His power over Satan. Mat. 4: 1-11.

Pain is to perfect us. Jas. 1: 3, 12; Ro. 5: 3; 1 Pe. 1: 7; 4: 12.

Jesus was in all points tempted like as we are yet *without sin*. He. 4: 15. He "suffered being tempted." He. 2: 18. He never *sinned* being tempted. Suffering is the opposite of yielding. "No, darling, I dare not give you even a taste of this fruit, you have been so ill," Mrs. Frances R. Ford said one day to her little five-year old daughter as she took a basket of luscious Bartlett pears from the hand of a friend. The child looked at them longingly but was too obedient to tease. The pears were laid side by side in an empty drawer. In the afternoon returning from a long walk the mother opened the drawer where she had so carefully placed the pears, to find them scattered about, with the pressure of little fingers upon several. "Darling you have disobeyed mamma and eaten one of the pears," she said. The appealing blue eyes looked into hers

and a tremulous voice replied, "No, mamma, I didn't eat one." Without stopping to think, forgetful of the child's habitual obedience and truthfulness, knowing that the drawer had been disturbed, anxious for the health of the little one, more anxious about the possible deceit, the mother said, "But you have. Oh, darling, it breaks my heart to have you disobey and then deceive me." What could the child do? The blue eyes filled with tears. The mother would not take her in her arms, she even repulsed her effort to caress her. Ah! the little one had one never-failing refuge! She said, "Mamma, will you wait until I ask the Lord about it?" While she lives the mother will never forget the picture of that little form bowed before the bed, shaken at first by sobs, but gradually growing quiet until at length quite composed the child came to her, with a look which compelled belief, and said, "I will tell you all about it. I wanted a pear so bad, and almost before I thought I opened the drawer and took one out, and smelled of it. It seemed as if I *must* eat it, but I remembered what you said, and so I shut the drawer quick, and I told Satan out loud to 'get behind me.' Mamma, when I prayed I seemed to hear one voice say, 'You did! you did!' and another voice 'But you did not, little girl you did not.'" "My darling,"

the mother said, " what can you mean? Mamma knows now you did not tell her any untruth, you did not disobey her, and there is no 'you did' about it." " Oh yes there is. I seemed to hear Satan say, 'You wanted to, you *almost* did and that is just as bad as if you had.' And then I think the Lord said, 'But you did not, little girl, you did not.' O! mamma, tell me if I did disobey you?" Lovingly and joyfully the mother folded the child to her heart, and assured her that she had not disobeyed. The sweet incident is a lesson to us of how one may "suffer being tempted" and yet be "without sin." Of how pain is permitted to perfect us, and to prepare us for the place of which it is written "there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain." Re. 21:4.

OUR PRAYER. Heavenly Father, make us willing to suffer pain when we need it to punish us, or purify us, or prove us, or perfect us.

Our Nineteenth Morning Glory.

PARTNERSHIP.

"Titus, he is my partner and fellow-helper." 2 Co, 8: 23.

"We are laborers together with God." 1 Co. 3: 9.

(Mark with a red DO.)

Mrs. Bottome tells of a man who, when asked to do anything, always replied, "I think we can." When asked why he said "We," he replied, "I have gone into partnership with the Lord Jesus, and count on His strength and ability." Phil. 4: 13.

We are "workers together with Him." 2 Co. 6: 1, when we let Him work in us "to will and to do of His good pleasure." Phil. 4: 12.

We can be partners with Jesus and His saints.

1. *By prayer.*

Jesus ever liveth to pray for us, He. 7: 25.

He tells us to pray one for another. Jas. 5: 16.

John Pierce spent one Lord's Day in a saloon gambling. He lost a whole week's earnings. Then he went home to get the rent money which was to be paid the next day. He heard sobs and the voice of his little Hannah praying God to make him a comfort to them. When he heard her call him "Dear father," and thought how un-

kind he had been, he forgot the money and crept up into his bedroom, fell on his knees and prayed.

Then he went down where Hannah was who started up astonished. For years she had not seen her father at home on a Sunday evening. "Dear father," she said, "mother will be so glad to see you." He kissed his child and said, "Read something out of your Bible." Two hours before the sight of a Bible in her hand would have made him swear.

Hannah read the 51st. Psalm. The father hid his face and wept. "Thank you, dear," he said, "read something else." She turned to the 103rd. Psalm. "Surely God made her choose those two," thought Mr. Pierce. His wife coming in, said, "Have something to eat, John, you've had no beer to-night."

"Oh!" said he, "I hope I shall never taste beer again." With joy she threw her arms around his neck and burst into tears. For some minutes they wept together. He tried to speak, but could not. At length he told her all.

"Can you forgive such a wretch?" said he. "Forgive you, my dear husband," she replied. "I never loved you half so well or was half so happy before. Ask God to forgive you, and He will, as I do." "I have," he said, "but till I heard what our dear child read I did not believe He

could ever forgive such a sinner as I." "Christ came to save sinners, even the *chief*," said his wife. "Does the Bible say that?" he asked. "Indeed it does," she answered. "Then it must mean me." "Let us kneel down, John, and pray."

When they rose the man's heart was light and little Hannah was so happy to have been a worker together with God in her prayer for her father.

2. *By telling the gospel story.*

The little captive maid who told her mistress about the Prophet was as real a laborer with God for the healing of Naaman as was Elisha. 2 K. 5: 1-14.

A little Christian Chinese boy was stolen and carried to a heathen city and sold. He became the slave of a rich officer. He was fond of the baby whose cradle he was set to watch, and his mistress was fond of him. When she would kindly ask him about his home, the tears would come into his eyes and he would not talk about it but would say, "Shall I tell you about my Jesus?" And the fond mother would answer, "Oh! no, Ah Fung, I do not need any Jesus now. I have my baby." But by and by her delicate blossom began to droop. Paler and thinner the tiny, yellow face grew, until after a little the broken-hearted mother saw the one object of

her love die. Then in her sorrow, she said, "Ah Fung, you may tell me about your Jesus." And the child began where he knew it would mean most to her, and told her how Jesus loved the little children and took them in His arms, and how her baby was in the beautiful home He had gone to prepare for His people. And the mother asked, "Did he love *my* baby? Are you sure she is with Him?"

"I am sure He loved her, and that she is with Him," replied Ah Fung. "Our missionary said He has many little children there, and He makes them happy. He will give her back to you if you go there." "But where is it? How can I get there?" eagerly asked the mother. "I don't quite know," said Ah Fung. "But if we love Him, and trust it to Him, He will take us *somehow*. He said so. Won't you let Jesus be your Savior, too? And then we will both go there and He will give our darling back to us." The little captive's words were not in vain. This heathen mother was the first convert to Christianity in Corea, which had so long been shut up to the preaching of the gospel. Ah Fung sowed the first fruit-bearing seed. And I am sure that in heaven the Israelite maiden and little Ah Fung will sing loud notes of praise for the privilege of being laborers together with God.

3. *By comforting others.*

A young mother lay dying and no one would tell her that the hour had come. Her baby boy heard them consulting as to who would tell her, and he hurried up the stairway, and climbed on the bed and said lovingly, "Mamma, is you afraid to die?" The mother understood. "Who told you?" she asked. "Doctor, and papa, and gamma, and everybody," he whispered. "Mamma, dear ittle mamma, doan be 'fraid to die, 'ill you?" The mother hesitated. She was young and loved her baby. Life looked sweet to her. "Jus shut your eyes in e dark, mamma, teep hold of my hand, an, an when you open 'em mamma, it 'ill be all light there." And the mother took the tiny hand and held it close and said, "Mamma will not be afraid," and closed her eyes. When the family gathered to the bedside, the baby held up his little hand, "Hush, my mamma doin' to sleep. Her won't wake up here any more." And she did not. They "thought her dying when she slept and sleeping when she died," so quietly did she go to the land of which the little one had said, "It 'ill be all light there."

4. *By giving to others.*

The lad who gave his "five loaves and two small fishes" was a worker together with Jesus in his miracle of feeding the five thousand. Jno. 6:9.

A doll had been given to little three-year-old Faith Judd Montgomery of which she was very fond, so she brought her old doll to her mother and said: "Mamma, you can give *this* dolly to the poor children who haven't any mamma's 'cause I have my new dolly you know." The mother said quietly; "Darling why don't *you* keep the *old* dollie, and give your new one to the poor children?" She was hardly prepared for the answer and the way it was given. With a new gleam of joy in her face, as though she were perfectly delighted with the suggestion, she exclaimed: "I *will*, mamma, I *will*!" and then, as she pondered over the charms of that delightful doll, she continued, but without a shadow of regret, "My nice new doll, that can bend its arms so, and its feet so, (illustrating with her own little hands) I will mamma, and I will keep the old one for myself."

The dear baby girl was a laborer together with God in caring for the poor.

OUR PRAYER. Oh! Lord, I want to be like Thee. I want to be a worker together with Thee. I want Thee to work in me to will and to do of Thy good pleasure. Help me by my prayers and words to strengthen and comfort others.

Our Twentieth Morning Glory.

PRAISE.

"Whoso offereth praise glorifieth me." Ps. 50: 23.

(Mark with a gold P.)

Praise makes us like the angels, Lu. 2: 13, like the Shepherds of Bethlehem, Lu. 2: 20, like the early disciples, Ac. 2: 46.

We should praise as well as pray. Phil. 4: 6.

Little Ira Breeder, about three years old, one holiday time used to kneel every night and pray, "Lord, please give me a wash-tub, wash-board, wringer and iron and every thing that is good."

They were poor but God heard her prayer, and on Christmas eve they had a tree, and on it were more things for little Ira than she had asked for. When she saw her presents she just clasped her hands and sat still, for she was so happy she did not know what to say. When she went to bed she said: "I don't have to pay any more do I mamma?" Her mamma said, "No, dear, but now you must thank God." So when she knelt she said; "Lord, you did give me my wash-tub, wash-board, wringer and iron. You is so good Lord, so good Lord."

It is good to praise. Ps. 147: 1.

One day while walking Miss Mossman saw a man coming toward her who had lost sight of Christ and was gloomy. Looking to the Lord for a word of cheer she cordially gave her hand and in glad tones said: "Good morning brother. How are you?" His look was withering, as he dolefully replied, "Bad enough; there is no hope for me." She said; "Will you do just as I tell you?" He promised to try. "As you go up that long hill say 'Praise the Lord,' at every step; and continue to do so, not only until you feel it down in your heart, but until some one else catches the inspiration; and the next time we meet, tell me about it." He did as she told him. The next week she met him again. His face was radiant, and before coming near enough to take her hand he shouted, "Glory."

He said: "You know what you made me promise. Ah! it was hard but I did it, and I had not reached the top of the hill, when the heavens seemed to open, and light broke into my soul, and I had to cry, 'Glory!' and I have been saying it ever since."

One morning a lady woke up feeling utterly depressed. She had been so happy in the Lord for a long time she did not know what to make of it. "What is the matter? I am well enough;

my husband, children and servants are all right; this must be what is called 'depression!'" She thought: "I have got to get rid of it; it will never do to go on in this way." Then she remembered about these two who met at the foot of a hill, one gloomy and one happy, and she concluded she would begin to say; "*Praise* the Lord;" and though she did not feel like praising the Lord when she began, pretty soon she found something to praise Him for, and went on. She found so many things to praise Him for, she grew very happy and has been praising Him ever since.

Praise is the secret of victory.

Like the children of Israel in the valley of Blessing, 2 Ch. 20: 21-26, Cromwell's soldiers used to sing the doxology *before* they went into battle. Anybody can praise when the battle is over and the victory is won. But faith shouts while going around the city, before the walls fall, in prospect of victory, just as Israel did in the time of Joshua and Jericho. Josh. 6: 20.

Praise should be continual. Ps. 34: 1.

David said: "*Every day will I bless Thee.*" Ps. 145: 2.

No day so dark but there is some reason for praise, no accident so bad it might not have been worse, no condition so sad but God can make it better. And the darkest days, the most trying

accidents, the worst conditions, all "work together" for good to them that love God, so why should we not praise God for them?

In one home the little children before going to bed at night, count on their fingers five good things which have been given them during the day, just closing, and tell them to mamma before they kneel to say the evening prayer.

We should praise for everything. Eph. 5: 20.

It is said that the pious old Jews used to praise God for everything that gave them pleasure. When they smelled a flower, they said, "Blessed be He that made this flower sweet!" If they ate a morsel of bread, they said, "Blessed be He that appointed bread to strengthen a man's heart!"

A dear little child whose father had suddenly fallen asleep in Jesus, kneeling to pray, began, "God bless my—" and stopped, burst into tears, looked up and said, "Oh, mother, I can't leave papa all out."

Dear little one, I hope her mother told her that if she could not pray for her father, because he did not need her prayers any more, she could praise God for him. Praise Him that she had known his love. Praise Him that she could go to him some day. It has been a great comfort since the dear daughter went away to praise the Lord for her love and faithfulness, and to remember that I shall

have her again some day in the Heavenly Mansion which Jesus has gone to prepare for us.

OUR PRAYER. We praise Thee for life, we praise Thee for health, we praise Thee for home, we praise Thee for friends, we praise Thee for comforts, we praise Thee for

“One dear gift above the rest
Which is the noblest and the best.
Thine own Son sent down from Heaven
That we all might be forgiven.”

Our Twenty-first Morning Glory.

PROVIDENCE.

"The Lord will provide." Ge. 22: 14.

(Mark with a purple P.)

A clergyman's wife found herself one Saturday morning without anything for breakfast and no money to buy anything. Believing that a minister had no right to be in debt she was sorely perplexed. She said nothing to her husband, but while he was gone to the neighbors' for the morning milk, she went into her closet and told the heavenly Father about it. Soon her husband returned loaded. "You cannot guess what I have brought?" he said. "Yes I can," was the laughing answer, "bread and butter and eggs. I asked the Lord to send them." Then she told him their extremity. "It really was providential," he explained. "I had to wait for the cows to be milked and one of the little boys brought in a large nest of eggs. They had more than they needed so Mrs. P. offered them to me. Then she brought out the bread and butter. But these will not last all day to-morrow; what shall we do?" "Trust God's providence," was the wife's reply. They did not trust in vain. That afternoon a farmer's

wagon drove to the door and one of their people came in with potatoes, beets, a roast of lamb and a pumpkin pie. It reminds me of David's word, "They that seek the Lord shall not want any good thing." Ps. 34:10.

An infant scholar loved his teacher dearly. Learning that she was ill, he grieved and longed to take her something. But he was poor and without money, and had nothing he believed she would value. At last he thought of his kitten, his one pet. He fastened a bit of fancy braid around its neck and took it to his teacher's home. As he gave it to the servant she expressed delight and asked, "Who told you the mice kept her awake at night?" "I guess God knew about it," was the reverent answer. Yes, God knew, and in His providence He used the little boy, who loved his teacher, to make provision against her sleeplessness.

An engineer of a freight train stopped to fill the water-tank. When ready to proceed he placed his hand on the throttle. Just as he was about to start he said to himself, "No, I must not start but jump out and see if everything is all right." That is a strange thing for an engineer to do; but he got out of the cab and went in front of the engine. There lying on the track, was a little curly-headed girl, peacefully sleeping between

the rails. If he had moved the engine he would have cut her in pieces. He picked her up without waking her and carried her to her mother. It was God who made him think he must jump out and see if everything was right. Ps. 16:9, l. c. 20:24. f. c.

A gentleman came to a minister after he had preached on the Providence of God and said, "I have heard your sermon: it certainly was fine, but I do not believe there is such a thing as Providence, for I receive none of its benefits." "What! are you such an unbeliever?"

"Facts are stubborn things. My wife and three children work hard and have never injured any one; yet I am reduced to such distress by the failure of one of my debtors, that, not being able to bear such misery, I have determined to commit suicide."

"And how did you come to church, if you had such a wicked purpose?"

"I happened to pass by when the people were entering, and I followed them."

"And you still think there is no Providence? What but a special Providence could ordain that, while contemplating self-destruction, you should enter a church and hear a sermon just suited for you, and that you should come to me and tell me your griefs?"

"Well, I admit," said the man "that there is something remarkable in that; but still, how am I to meet my creditors, to whom I owe six hundred and twenty-five dollars. How has Providence provided for that?"

"Listen! I believe you to be sincere, but unfortunate. Here are seven hundred and twenty-five dollars given to me the other day by a lady, after a sermon on alms, to be disposed of in works of charity; take it in God's name, and recognize in the gift the effects of His all-ruling Providence."

The poor man overjoyed to have the debt paid and one hundred dollars beside repented of his sin and always afterward believed in a Providence.

Jesus tell us we must never worry about food, or raiment, but think how God cares for the birds, and how He clothes the lilies. Mat. 6: 25-28.

"Hark the lilies whisper,
Tenderly and low,
'In our grace and beauty,
See how fair we grow.'
Thus our Heavenly Father
Cares for all below.

Let us then be trustful,
Doubting not, although
Much of toil and trouble
Be our lot below.
Think upon the lilies,
See how fair they grow."

OUR PRAYER. Blessed Lord, we thank Thee that Thy Providence has always been over us, and fed us, and clothed us, and cared for us. Help us to remember how the birds are fed and how the lilies grow and always trust Thee.

Our Twenty-second Morning Glory.

PREACHING.

"Preach the gospel." Lu. 4: 18.

(Mark with a red DO, and draw a red line under prominent words and under the first *letters* of the acrostic.)

To preach is,

To bring good tidings. Isa. 61: 1.

To call. Jno. 3: 2.

To tell good news. Ac. 10: 36.

To tell thoroughly. Col. 1: 28.

To cry or proclaim, as a herald. Mat. 3: 1;
4: 17.

To talk. Mk. 2: 2.

A preacher is a crier, a proclaimer, a herald.
1 Ti. 2: 7; 2 Pe. 2: 5.

Gospel means good news, good words, good
tidings. Lu. 2: 10.

We get the word Gospel as an acrostic in the
key verse of the Bible.

G od so loved the world that He gave His
O nly begotten
S on, that whosoever believeth in Him should not
P erish, but have
E verlasting
L ife Jno. 3: 16.

We sing, "I love to tell the story," and even a child can tell good news.

We can preach as we talk.

A lady sat by the bedside of an Indian girl who was ill. She talked to her of the love of Jesus and about heaven. "What that mean they sing, 'Every fear and pain gone by?'" "It means that those whom Jesus takes to heaven, are never again afraid, never sick any more." "I go to heaven, I never sick again?" "Never." "I never have ague again?" "Never." "My head never ache again?" "No, Tisgonalah." "And I never cry again?" with a curious choking in a tired voice, for in Tisg's short life there had come reason for tears. "Never. When God has once wiped the tears away they can never come again." "Miss Dane, how long you know it?" "Know what?" "Know this good thing—that Jesus loves us so?" "When I was a little child they told me." "Who tell you?" "My mother." "Who tell her?" "I suppose her mother did?" "All white mans he knows it?" "Yes." "How long white mans he knows?" "Many hundred years, I think." "Hundred years he know? What for why he not come tell my people sooner? I get well, I just *run* tell my people Jesus so good?" Then after a long time of quiet the soft voice

added: "I love Him so." And Tisgonalah got well and lived as a Christian girl should.

We can preach as we sing.

In a rustic seat under a tree, a tired traveler sat to rest. He had walked twelve miles and was too weary even to look at the beautiful scenery. Presently a sweet child's voice sang,

"Jesus loves me, this I know,
He will wash me white as snow,
He will keep me pure I know,
For I'm His little lamb."

He wished he could get a glimpse of the child. He did not have to wait long. She came out soon and offered him a glass of water for which he was glad. She said, "I saw you sit down and you looked so tired I thought you must be thirsty too." The child's thoughtfulness touched the man's heart. After thanking her, and drinking the water he asked her to sing for him. She sang again,

"Jesus loves me this I know, etc."

Then she asked, "Are you Jesus' lamb too?" Without seeming to hear the question he said, "What is your name, little one?"

"I am Josie, sir," was the reply. "Well Josie," he asked, "how do you know that Jesus loves you?"

"Why sir," said the child, "the Bible says so; don't you believe the Bible?" Some one called

Josie and she ran away, leaving the young man with his thoughts. He was the only son of Christian parents who had often pleaded with him to give his heart to God. But he had fallen in with low companions who made fun of good things, and he was such a grief to his father and mother.

But the little one's song and questions had touched his heart. Sitting there he prayed to God to forgive his sins and make him His child. He went back to his home, gave up his wild ways and wicked companions, and made the hearts of his parents happy.

We can preach by giving.

Dr Hamlin, a missionary in Turkey, says that when he was ten years old, his church undertook to support a boy in India. A box for offerings was kept at the house of one of the members. One day he was given seven cents by his mother as he was starting out for a parade. As she gave him the money she said, "Perhaps you will put a cent or two into the box at Mrs Farrar's."

He says: "As I was trudging along, I began to question, 'Shall I drop in one cent or two?' I wished mother had not said one OR two. I finally decided on two, and I felt satisfied. Five cents would buy all I could eat, and more too. But now, I thought, 'Five cents for yourself and two for the heathen? Five cents for ginger-bread and

two for souls?' So I said to myself, 'Four cents for ginger-bread and three for souls?' After a time, as I thought about it, I said, 'Three for ginger-bread and four for the souls of the heathen.' I would not have stopped there, but for my pride. The boys would find out I had only three cents to spend. But I was at Mrs. Farrar's door, and there was the box, and I had the seven cents in my hand. I said, 'I will dump them all in, and have no more trouble about it.' " So he did, and gave his money to send a preacher to the heathen before he went to preach to them himself.

We can preach by our actions.

A young man went to church just with the idea of making sport of the services. Soon after he entered a young lady rose and crossing the aisle politely passed a hymn book to a poor old man. The young man was impressed with the quiet act of courtesy, and that night became a Christian.

We preach Jesus when we don't know it.

A poor little girl went with her mother to visit a wealthy lady. The rich woman took an interest in the child, and showed her the beauties and wonders of her home. Much surprised at all she saw, the child said, " Why, how beautiful! I am sure Jesus must love to come here, it is so pleasant. Doesn't He come here very often? He

comes to our house, and we have no carpet. O, how Jesus must love to come here!" The lady made no reply, and the child asked again: "Doesn't Jesus come here very often?" The lady replied sadly, "I am afraid not." That was too much for the child. She ran to her mother and begged to be taken home, for she was afraid to stay in a house where Jesus did not come. That night the lady told her husband what the little girl had said about Jesus, and they both decided to take Jesus for their Savior and love Him so He would come into their hearts and home.

OUR PRAYER. Lord Jesus, help us to tell the gospel, to sing the gospel, to give the gospel, to live the gospel for Jesus' sake.

Our Twenty-third Morning Glory.

PECULIARITY.

"Ye shall be a peculiar treasure unto Me." Ex. 19: 5; Ps. 135: 4.

(Mark promises with a purple P, and precepts or good actions with a red DO.)

A mother was busy with her house work when her little child came running toward her. She caught the little prattler to her heart and, kissing her said, over and over, "You little darling, mamma's blessed one!" "What is blessed, mamma?" "You are mamma's dearest treasure, the delight of her eyes and her heart," the fond mother said, as she kissed again her baby's face. The happy child slid away and the mother went on with her duties.

Going to her room she saw her "Daily Food" and said to herself, "I'll stop to read the verse for the day. I shall have something to think about as I work." She opened the book and read, "Come, ye blessed of My Father," Mat. 25: 34. Her mother heart gave a great bound of joy. "Blessed," the very word to her little one! Then there flashed into her mind our Morning Glory text, "Ye shall be a peculiar treasure unto me," and another, "The Lord delighteth in thee," Isa.

62:4, and another, "Thou art all fair, my love," S. of S. 4:7. The words had a new meaning for her.

"Am I my Father's blessed?" she said, "His delight, His treasure, the apple of His eye, just what my precious baby is to me?" She fell on her knees and wept tears of joy to think that she was so loved of the Lord.

"Peculiar treasure," means special jewel, something lovely and valuable.

To think that God should choose us to be His wealth, His delight, His glory, His near, dear, precious ones.

And because we are His peculiar treasure He wants us to be His "peculiar people," Tit. 2:14; 1 Pe. 2:9. That means *beyond ordinary* people.

Moses was peculiar. He left a royal home and a life of luxury, "choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season; esteeming the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures in Egypt." He. 11:25, 26.

Daniel was peculiar. He refused to defile himself with the king's meat and wine. Da. 1:8. He "gave thanks" when his life was threatened, exactly as he did when he was in no danger. Da. 6:10.

Paul was peculiar. He would go to preach in Jerusalem though he knew that bonds and afflic-

tions awaited him. He loved his Lord better than his life. Ac. 20: 22-24.

John Howard was peculiar. He gave his time, energy, fortune and life to alleviate the sufferings of his fellow-men. Lincoln was peculiar. He dared to strike the shackles from four million slaves, though his life should pay the penalty.

Edith Brooks was peculiar. She gave all her property to a charitable home, and herself to the Lord for India.

That poor little child was peculiar who took the only pet she owned, her one little bird, and carried it to a neighbor and turned her white face away, choking, as she explained, "The doctor says mother must have some broth."

Jesus was peculiar. He left heaven to live on earth. He gave up his God-head to become a babe. Though Master, He performed the office of a menial. Though spotless, He took the place of sinners. Though God, He died for men. To be like Jesus is to be peculiar. We do not need to be great or learned, or rich, or skillful to be God's chosen, peculiar people.

Moses, Daniel and the others, all showed their love to God by being peculiar. Jesus tells us we show our love to Him when we obey Him. Jno. 14: 21.

A friend of mine visiting at the home of one of

the members of his church found her with her little children about her. One put her arm around her and said, "I love you a whole bushel full," another said, "I love you a whole barrel full." But the eldest, a bright boy, whose business it was to bring in the wood, and who did not like to do it, went out and brought an arm full and put it in the box. Then he went and stood beside his mother and said, "Mamma, I love you a whole arm full of wood."

This reminds me of a poem I have heard Bro. D. C. Holmes and Bro. F. A. Graves sing:

"I love you, mother," said little John;
Then forgetting his work his cap went on,
And he was off to the garden swing,
And left her the wood and water to bring.

"I love you, mother," said rosy Bell,
"I love you better than tongue can tell."
Then she teased and pouted full half the day,
Till her mother rejoiced when she went to play.

"I love you, mother," said little Fan,
"To-day I'll help you all I can.
How glad I am that school doesn't keep!"
So she rocked the babe till he fell asleep.

"I love you, mother," again they said,
Three little children going to bed.
How do you think the mother guessed
Which of them, really, loved her best?

A father whispered to a little daughter, lying in his arms, "Allie, do you love Jesus?" "Oh,

yes," she said. "How much?" "As big as the whole world," then she added, "but He loves me a great deal bigger than that." Though we love God ever so much He loves us more. 1 Jno. 4: 10. All our love is God's love reflected back to Him.

As you have sometimes seen the setting sun shine on a house until it seemed all on fire, but found it was only the light of the sun shining back, so if God's love shines in our hearts it will reflect back to Him. God's love touching us goes back to Him.

It will help us to love Jesus if we will think how much Jesus loves us. A little girl went weeping to her minister at the close of a revival meeting and said: "Please, sir, I don't love Jesus." The minister replied, "My dear, never mind about your love to Jesus, think how much Jesus loves you. As you go home say 'Jesus loves me.' As you kneel to pray say, 'Jesus loves me.' As you go to school say, 'Jesus loves me.'" The little thing did as she was told and the next night went with a shining face and said to the minister, "Please sir, I do love Jesus, because you see He loved me so."

OUR PRAYER. Blessed Lord we praise Thee that Thy love to us is so exceeding great. We thank Thee that we are Thy peculiar treasure.

We ask Thee that we may be Thy peculiar people, showing that we do love Thee because we obey Thee.

Our Twenty-fourth Morning Glory.

PLACE.

"Every one in his place." Jer. 6: 3. Nu. 2: 17.

(Mark with a red DO.)

We please God when we keep in our place. This is the way to promotion.

Joseph was in his place, in the prison kitchen, when called to preside over all Egypt. Ge. 41: 14, 38-40.

David was in his place, keeping the sheep, when called to go on the errand that gave him the chance to fight Goliath and deliver Israel. 1 S. 17: 15.

Gideon was in his place, threshing wheat, when the call came to prepare to save Israel from the hand of Midian. Judg. 6: 11, 12.

Moses was in his place, leading the flock of his father-in-law, when called to lead Israel from Egyptian bondage. Ex. 3: 1-8.

Elisha was in his place, ploughing, when called to the prophetic office. 1 K. 19: 19.

Nehemiah was in his place, waiting on King Artaxerxes, as cup-bearer, when he received permission to go and rebuild Jerusalem, the home of his fathers. Neh. 2: 1, 5, 6.

Matthew was in his place, sitting at the seat of custom, when called to follow Jesus. Mat. 9: 9.

James and John were in their place, mending their nets, when called to be disciples. Mk. 1: 19.

God does not call idlers to His holy service. He calls the faithful, the busy, the obedient. To be in one's place doing the little things is the sure way to be ready for the call of God.

"A place for everything and everything in its place," is a proverb that fits with our Morning Glory.

A lady went to visit her friend, Mrs. Brown, and noticed that every morning Georgie Brown, the youngest boy, eight years of age, was always prompt and neatly dressed. The guest felt sure that his mother did not attend to his morning dressing, and so one day she asked about it, and Mrs. Brown took her to his room. There she found hanging on the wall some rules, and was told that when each child was old enough to have a room alone such a paper was put on the wall.

It was a happy day for each child when the lesson was so well learned that the rules could be taken down from the wall. These are the rules:

The occupant of this room must keep these rules for the care of his room and person and clothing:

1. *Room.*

A. Put out the light before getting into bed.

B. Always hang up your nightgown.

C. Open the bed to air before leaving the room.

D. Never leave water standing in your wash-bowl, nor allow your comb to become clogged with dirt.

2. *Person.*

A. Take a full bath every Saturday.

B. Take a sponge bath, feet and legs, Tuesday and Thursday nights.

C. Scrub finger nails every night, and bathe neck and ears every other night.

D. Never forget to wash your face, brush your teeth, and part your hair in the morning.

3. *Clothing.*

A. Use your whisk-broom daily.

B. Air your clothing every night.

C. Rub your shoes after taking them off with a flannel cloth and vaseline.

D. Never put on a ragged stocking, a dusty shoe, or an unbrushed coat.

A wealthy young girl could not be cured of disorderly habits. Her mother offered her a large sum each month if she would be tidy, but in vain. At last she joined the King's Daughters. When her mother asked her what work she would do,

the answer was, "You shall see." It was the mother's habit to go in and kiss the child good night after she had retired. That night she found the young girl with her wrapper on, busy with her wardrobe. "Now mamma," she said, "you can see my work as one of the King's Daughters." Her gloves were laid in one place, and her handkerchiefs in another, and all her clothing was in order. What she would not do for money, she did for Christ. It was easy when she wore the little cross and did it "in His name."

If you have not been in the habit of having "a place for everything and everything in its place," begin to do it now, to please Jesus and follow Him. Whatever He did was done in the best manner possible.

Longfellow said: "The talent of success is doing what you can do, well, and doing well whatever you do." Economy in the present is provision for the future. It is waste in the years of plenty that brings want in the years of famine. One rule of Jonathan Edwards was, "Never to lose a moment of time, but to improve it in every possible way."

A Chinese laundryman had a young man arrested whose laundry bill was in arrears. When asked by the judge what was his complaint against the young man he answered: "He too muchee

bye-and-bye." The Chinaman could not speak good English but he knew what was the matter with the young man. The same words might be spoken of the lad who is not early in his place at church and Sunday School, nor promptly on hand at meal-time, nor in good season at his business: who says, "In a minute," when called to do an errand, and forgets his promise to bring wood and water; of the young girl who is always late to breakfast and whose drawers and closets are never in order; of the young man who is ever promising and seldom paying, and is never exact in keeping his accounts or careful to remember his engagements; of the young lady who, when money is plenty, spends it on trifles and wastes her time in novel reading and gossip; all of these are "too muchee bye-and-bye." They will fill no great positions in this world, they will receive no crowns in the other.

OUR PRAYER. Heavenly Father, help us to be always in our place, help us to be neat, orderly, thorough, faithful and obedient, and to do it always in Thy name and for Thy glory.

Our Twenty-fifth Morning Glory.

POSITIVE.

"He would not." Da. 1: 8.

"We will not." Da. 3: 18.

(Mark with a blue P.)

From the early captives of Judah, carried to Babylon, by Nebuchadnezzar, he chose the brightest and best lads and brought them to his palace to have them educated to be his personal attendants. He put them in charge of a master named Ashpenaz, and ordered him to give them meat and wine from his own table, and not feed them as slaves were usually fed. Thus their food would be rich and unwholesome, perhaps pork, that the Jews had been forbidden to eat, and flesh that had been sacrificed to idols, and wine the Scriptures taught them not even to "look" upon with desire. Pr. 23: 31. This was to go on for three years. Then the young men were to stand before the great monarch of the whole world. Among these lads were four whose mothers had taught them the law of the Lord, or who had been touched by the words of Jeremiah, "the weeping prophet," whom God had sent to the people of Judah.

Their names were Daniel, Hananiah, Mishael and Azariah. They changed them to Belteshazzar, Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego.

Daniel purposed in his heart that *he would not* defile himself. They gave him a heathen name, but they could not make him an idolator. He would not do abroad what he had not done at home. He followed no such worldly maxim as, "When you are in Rome do as the Romans do." He would not sin against God no matter how men might tempt, or ridicule, or sneer, or persuade. Neither the example of those in authority, nor fear of the loss of favor, nor dread of danger to himself, could influence him to turn away from the early teaching of his home, or forget the warning of Jeremiah, "Learn not the way of the heathen." Jer. 10: 2.

They were all boys of mettle, but Daniel was the leader, so he courteously requested the master who had the care of them that he might not defile himself. Daniel was polite though he was positive. He asked him to prove them all for ten days, by giving them vegetables to eat and water to drink, and compare them with the young men who ate the king's meat and drank his wine. The prince consented. At the end of ten days their faces were fairer and fatter than all the children who did eat of the king's meat, and after that they

were allowed vegetables and water. God gave them knowledge and skill in all learning and wisdom and they were the king's faithful body guard and wiser than the philosophers and astrologers, and the king consulted them on all questions of importance.

E. P. Hammond tells of a twelve-year-old boy who, coming from Liverpool, was urged by the sailors to "take some grog." He answered quietly, "Excuse me, I would rather not." They laughed at him but never could get him to drink. One day the captain commanded him, "You must drink." Still he said, "Please excuse me, captain; I would rather not." "Take that rope," commanded the captain to a sailor, "and lay it on; that will teach him to obey orders." The sailor took the rope and beat the boy most cruelly. "Now drink that grog," said the captain. "Please, sir, but I would rather not." "Then go in the foretop and stay all night." The poor boy looked away up to the masthead, trembling at the thought of spending the night there, but he went. In the morning, the captain looked up and cried, "Hello, up there!" No answer. "Come down!" Still no answer. One of the sailors was sent up, and found the poor boy was nearly frozen. He had lashed himself to the mast, that he might not fall into the sea. He brought him down in his

arms, and they worked upon him till he showed signs of life. Then the captain said, "Now drink that grog." "Please, sir, I would rather not. Let me tell you why; and do not be angry. In our home we were so happy, but father took to drink. He had no money to get us bread, and at last they had to sell the little house we lived in, and everything we had, and it broke my poor mother's heart. In sorrow she pined away—till at last before she died, she called me to her and said, 'Jamie, I want you to promise your dying mother that you will never taste drink.' Oh, sir," continued the little fellow, "would you have me break the promise I made to my dying mother? I cannot and I will not."

These words touched the heart of the captain. Tears came into his eyes. He stooped and folding the boy in his arms, said, "No, no, my little hero! Keep your promise; and if any one tries again to make you drink, come to me, and I'll protect you."

A young man well nigh broke his mother's heart with his intemperate habits. At length, she persuaded him to sign the pledge. Soon afterward, he said to her, "Mother, the temptations are so sore here I shall have to leave, but you may depend upon it with the help of God I will keep my pledge." He went away and for two

years every letter brought good news. At last he wrote that he would spend Thanksgiving day with her. How happy she was! He came the night before as far as the tavern where the stage stopped. Several of his old friends met him and their first question was, "What will you have to drink?" "Nothing, thank you," he answered. "What, not at Thanksgiving time? Come take a little." "No I'd rather not. I've come home to see my mother. She does not expect me till morning. I thought I would wait until dark and then go in and surprise her." Just then the keeper of the tavern said, "If I were six feet tall and afraid of a paltry glass of ale I would go to the woods and hang myself." "But I am not afraid," the young man said. "Oh yes you are! ha! ha! ha! here's a great big fellow afraid of a glass of liquor. I suppose he's *afraid of his mother*." Then their mocking laugh rang out again. They handed him a glass of liquor and dared him to drink it. Well," said he, "I am going to my mother and I may as well show you I am not afraid of a glass of liquor." He drank it. The old taste revived. By midnight he was so drunk he could not walk. They carried him to the barn and left him there all night on a heap of straw. In the morning when they went to look for him they found him dead. They laid him on

a plank and carried him to the mother who waited with such a glad joy in her heart for the coming of her boy. O! the poor, broken-hearted mother! If only her boy had been positive, known how to say, "No" and stick to it!

Two gentlemen passing the playground of a village school, heard a clear, sharp, ringing "No." They stopped and listened. Some boys were in the midst of an excited discussion. The same voice said decidedly, "It isn't right, and I won't have anything to do with it. When I say 'No' I mean it." "Well, anyway you needn't tell everybody about it." "I am willing that everybody should hear what I've got to say. I won't take anything that don't belong to me, and I won't drink cider anyway." "Such a fuss about a little fun!" "I never go in for doing wrong. I told you 'no' to begin with, and you're the ones to blame if there has been any fuss." The gentlemen passed on. One of them learned that this lad was in need and befriended him. When he had grown to manhood he offered him a paying position, one he would never have thought of seeking. The young man asked him why. "Because I knew you could say 'No,'" answered his employer.

To know how to be positive, how to say "No," when forced to do wrong; how to say, "No," to evil thoughts; "No," to ungodly companions,

"No," to the attractions of the world; "No," to the temptations of Satan, is to know how to be strong.

OUR PRAYER. Lord, teach us how to resist evil. How to be positive when we are asked to do wrong. How to say, "No, *we will not*," when tempted to do evil. And keep us polite while positive, keep us sweet while strong, for Jesus' sake.

Our Twenty-sixth Morning Glory.

POWER.

"The gospel is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth." Ro. 1: 16.

(Draw a red line under the word power, and mark with a pointed cross. †)

Salvation is for sinners. The offer is to all who will say, "I am a sinner," and accept Jesus as their Savior. A man in great distress about his soul dreamed that he stood at the gate of heaven. He saw a host marching in with songs, and asked, "Who are they?" "The prophets who have gone to be with God." He sighed, "Alas, I am not one of these, I cannot enter there." Another company robed in white entered, and again he asked who they were. "The godly apostles." "I belong not to those, I cannot enter there." Still he waited. The next multitude was an army of noble martyrs, and he could not go in with them. Afterward came a host of ministers, but sighing, he felt he did not belong to them. At last he saw a larger host than all, singing and marching, and in front was the woman which was a sinner, and the thief that died upon the cross by the Savior, and he thought, "There will be no

shouting about them." But heaven was rent with seven-fold shouts as they went in, and the angel said, "These are sinners saved by grace." Then he shouted, "Blessed be God, I can go with them, and awoke to know that the gospel was the power of God to a sinner who would believe.

We do not have to sacrifice, nor strive, nor try, in order to be saved, but just to believe. An evangelist seeing a woman with an anxious look, went to her and said, "What is it, my friend, are you a Christian?" "I wish I were," she said, in a tone of despair, "I have been trying for nine years to be one but I have failed." The man said, "If you had trusted instead of tried those nine years you would have been for nine years a happy, joyous Christian." "How can that be?" "What made you place yourself in that chair? How did you know it would support you?" He waited. She could not answer. She had never doubted the chair. She had placed herself in it fully trusting to it, and had perfect rest. "Friend," he said, "put yourself on Jesus just as you did on that chair." She turned to an unsaved friend and said, "Did you ever hear the like of that?" and began to talk to her of salvation as it had just been revealed to her own heart.

We are not only *saved* by the power of God

through believing but we are “*kept* by the power of God through faith.” 1 Pe. 1: 5.

A little girl about to pray one night said: “Mamma, if you please, I will not say, ‘For Jesus’ sake’ any more.” “Why Mary! what makes you say that?” “Why, mamma, I can be good my own self, if I have a mind to. I don’t need to have Jesus help me to be good.” Her mother saw that her mind was made up and that she would have to find out for herself what a mistake she was making. So she said: “Well, Mary, you need never say ‘for Jesus’ sake’ again, unless you choose to; and now, if you are going to do right by yourself, you must try to be just as good as you know how to be.” “Yes, mamma, I will.” “And I will help you,” continued the mother. “I will give you fifty gold dollars to be all your own, to spend just as you please, if you will be good a whole month without Jesus.” “Oh, mamma, that money will be easy to earn; you are so kind. I’ll do it. I’ll begin tomorrow morning; shall I mamma?” “Yes, dear, begin when you get up tomorrow morning.” Mary’s heart seemed to fail her a little, the next morning, for the first thing she did was to put her head in at her mother’s door and say: “Mamma, if you please, will you tell them all not to be very provoking today?” “Yes, dear, we will all help

you." So after breakfast the mother called the coachman, gardener, second girl, and all the rest of them and told them that Mary was going to be good without Jesus, and they must all help her as much as they possibly could. They promised, and Mary set about what she thought was going to be easy. At night she said to her mother: "Mamma, if you don't mind, I would like to begin over tomorrow morning, for I have been naughtier than usual today, though I did try hard to be good my own self." "Very well, Mary, you may begin over again tomorrow morning." The next night Mary was quite sad when she came to her mother and said: "Mamma I would like very much if you would let me begin over again tomorrow morning, for I have been worse today than I was yesterday." "Well, Mary, begin again tomorrow morning." The next night Mary came to her mother with tears running down her cheeks and said, "Mamma, will you please ask Jesus to forgive me for trying to be good without Him? There can't anybody; can there, Mamma?"

Everybody who is good has to learn little Mary's lesson that God "giveth power to the *faint*," Isa. 40:29, not to them who think they are strong and can be good their own selves.

We are never strong in ourselves but always

may be, "Strong in the Lord, and in the power of His might." Eph. 6: 10.

The power of God is given by the Spirit of God. Jesus said, "Ye shall receive the power of the Holy Spirit coming upon you." Ac. 1: 8.

Jesus did His work in "the power of the Spirit." Lu. 4: 14. "God—hath—given us the Spirit—of power. 2 Ti. 1: 7.

A minister found a little eleven-year-old girl in an after meeting crying bitterly. He asked, "Can I help you?" She said, "Yes, you can for I am in trouble." "What is it?" "I have joined the Scripture Union, and have been reading the Bible hoping to be able to do what Jesus says, but I cannot." "Can you say, 'Jesus is mine and I am His?'" "Yes, I can, but I am just as naughty as ever." "What did you take when you took Jesus?" "I took a Savior."

Then he explained to her that she must not only take Christ as a Savior, but as a Keeper. She must take Him as a Master to serve, and as a Teacher to guide. She must receive the Holy Spirit into her heart to enable her to obey what the Bible taught. Then she would know the power of God to keep as well as save. "I never thought of that," she said, and kneeling prayed, "Lord Jesus, you shall be my Savior, my Master, my Teacher, my Keeper." Then looking up she

said to the minister, "And I mean it." She went back to her school and confessed Christ. The girls laughed at her but she was true and led some of her companions to Christ.

OUR PRAYER. We thank Thee, Oh, Lord, for the gospel which is the power of God unto Salvation. We pray that we may be kept by the power of God. We receive the Holy Spirit to endue us with power to be good and to do good. Amen.

Our Twenty-seventh Morning Glory.

PUSH.

"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."
Ecc. 9: 10.

"Whatsoever ye do, do it heartily." Col. 3: 23.

"Run, that ye may obtain." 1 Co. 9: 24

(Mark with a red DO.)

Push is energy, effort, attempt, earnestness, pressing forward.

Little Abel Baker went for the first time to Sunday School. He wanted to be a good boy but he was slow, lazy, and inclined to shirk; there did not seem to be a bit of push in him. That first Sunday the Superintendent talked about doing one's best and being one's best, and taught the school our morning glory text, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."

The little fellow kept saying it over to himself, as he went home, thinking that it took in play, and lessons and work. "It is pretty hard," he said, "but I'll do it." And he did. He went to work with a will and did everything with his might. When he left school he went to learn the trade of the blacksmith. He remembered his lesson. He was active and energetic. He gave

himself to the Lord Jesus and was as earnest in his religion as in his business.

He was known as the best blacksmith in that part of England.

The London Missionary Society started to build a Missionary ship. One of the Missionaries, who was going out in her, had been Abel's S. S. teacher, and he got them to engage him to make an anchor and chain.

The ship is finished and on her way. A dreadful storm comes up. Unless she can be kept from drifting she will be dashed to pieces on a rocky island in the Pacific. An anchor is put out but the chain snaps and again they drift toward the rocks.

"Let go another," says the Captain. It goes and fails like the first.

A third is tried but that breaks. They have but one more, so small it seems useless to try it, when the heavier chains have snapped like a thread. But a Missionary says, "My old scholar, Abel Baker, made it; and I know it is made in the best way that a chain can be made." Away goes Abel Baker's anchor. It is their last hope. If it fails they must perish. Anxiously they watch. It reaches the bottom. It holds. The ship stops drifting. Will it continue to bear the strain? The ship rises and falls. The chain swings backwards

and forwards. The anchor holds. The vessel is held till the storm is over. They are saved. The anchor that Abel Baker made "with his might" saved the ship.

Caleb's push led him to say, "Let us go up at once" and possess the land. Nu. 13: 30-33.

Nehemiah, the wall-builder, was a man of push. Neh. 2: 9-20; 4: 1-23.

David declared, "I have prepared with all my might for the house of my God." 1 Ch. 29: 2.

The secret of Mr. Moody's success has been summed up in five words,

"He is terribly *in earnest*."

It is written of Hezekiah, "Every work that he began—he did it with all his heart, and prospered." 2 Ch. 31: 21.

A drummer went into an office in Newburg. The burly proprietor said to him, "We don't want any; never buy anything of peddlers," and left the room. A few weeks later the drummer called again and was met with the words, "I thought I told you I don't buy of peddlers. Now, go!"

On his next visit to the town the drummer tried again. Mr. W—— sat reading his paper with his back to the door. He walked in, laid his box on the table, and said cheerfully, "Good morning, Mr. W——." The old man looked up, saw who it was and exclaimed, "Young man,

how many times have I got to tell you that we don't buy anything of peddlers?" "Mr. W——, I am not a peddler. I shall call on you every time I come to Newburg until you will hear what I have to say. After that I will never darken your doors."

"Well, that's cool; what have you got?" The model was shown. "Just what I want," said Mr. W——, "I have been looking for that machine for a year." In five minutes he had given his order for three machines amounting to several hundred dollars. Push pays.

An old gentleman told once in a prayer meeting how he learned a lesson from a little boy. He was entering a church when the child called him by name and said, "I know you sir." "Do you, my little man? Where have you seen me?" "Oh, I board in the house with you, and sit at the other end of the table." "Well, I am glad to meet you here at church." "Oh yes, my grandfather used to take me on his knee and tell me all about religion, and *I'm going for that.*" There was a look in his eyes that meant business. It is push that says, "I am going for that." And we get what we "go for."

An Indian boy, educated at a school in Carlisle, Penn., worked his own way from his wigwam in Indian territory to beyond the Alleghany

mountains. When he reached the Missouri river he had but \$2.73. With this he determined to walk to Carlisle. He was often hungry and weary but he pressed on. When he reached the mountains covered with snow, his moccasins were completely worn out, and his feet sore and numb. He succeeded in trading his Indian blanket for a pair of shoes and pressed on. Tattered, haggard and covered with dust he presented himself as a candidate for a scholarship, telling how he had walked for six weeks over fifteen hundred miles of country. He was sheltered and cared for and kind friends who heard his story, contributed to his education. Does not the earnestness of this heathen Indian boy shame some of us who have the Bible, and have read the words, "Press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." Phil. 3: 14.

A drummer boy, captured by the British during the Revolutionary War, was told to beat an advance, and he made his drum sticks fly in a lively manner. Then they said: Beat a reveille, which he did. Then they told him to beat a retreat. "Oh," he said, "I don't know how. We never beat a retreat in our army." Let us never beat a retreat in God's army but push bravely on.

OUR PRAYER. Lord, help us to do with our might what our hands find to do; do everything

heartily; press toward the mark of our high calling in Christ Jesus; that we may glorify Thee and be a blessing to those about us.

Our Twenty-eighth Morning Glory.

PENTECOST.

"The Holy Spirit is come." Ac. 1: 8.

"The day of Pentecost was fully come." Ac. 2: 1.

(Mark with a red S.)

Pentecost means fiftieth.

The Jews' feast of Pentecost was fifty days after the last Sabbath of the feast of Passover. Pentecost was fifty days after the resurrection of Christ.

Jesus promised His disciples before He went away to send the Holy Spirit. While one hundred and twenty men and women were gathered in an upper room the Holy Spirit came; Ac. 1: 13-15; 2: 1-4.

We read in Revelation, "Behold, I stand at the door, and knock: if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me." Re. 3: 13, 20. Will you let Him in?

The Holy Spirit gives courage. Ac. 4: 31.

Before Pentecost Peter was afraid of a little servant maid and denied Jesus. Afterward he did not fear anything or anybody.

The Holy Spirit purifies hearts. Ac. 15: 8, 9.

One day a lady who had a dreadful temper and used to scold her household and children, prayed for the Holy Spirit to come into her heart and take the temper away, and He did. About two weeks afterward she heard her two little children talking as they played together on the floor. One said to the other, "Don't do that, if you do mamma will scold." "No, she won't," was the reply, "The Lord has taken the scold all out of her."

A little boy was saved in a revival meeting and was very happy for days. But one evening he came to the evangelist with such a sad face and said, "Can't the Lord save me so I won't get mad?" He was told that He could. Then he knelt down and received the Holy Spirit into his heart to keep him, and he did not get angry any more.

The Holy Spirit gives power. Ac. 1:8.

Mrs. H. L. Hastings, in her beautiful book, "Pebbles From the Path of a Pilgrim," gives an incident of her girlhood that tells how tiny children may have the power of the Spirit.

Going to a meeting she noticed a kindly looking lady and beside her a rosy, blue-eyed, curly-headed little girl about three years old, whose sedate, thoughtful look attracted her attention. Girl-like she moved along until she reached the

shy little one and looked down into her modest, loving face.

The meeting was a sad one. It was called for the trial of a brother who in an evil hour had become drunk, and fallen into sin and brought disgrace upon himself, his family, and his church.

The leader brought the charges against the man in severe, harsh words. The man said the charges were true, but in scornful words resented the language of the leader, and asked to be freed from all connection with such a church.

The company was divided. Some were in tears, others were angry. Some were grieved with the unkind spirit of the leader and sorry for the sinner.

Some loved the offender and did not want to have him leave or to have him cut off from fellowship. Some suggested one thing, some another. One after another spoke but the spirit of the meeting only grew worse. The lady with the little girl wept.

In the midst of the trouble the tiny child whispered, "Mother, I want to speak." The mother smiled. After a little she said again, "Mother I want to speak." The mother said, "Well, wait until that man gets through speaking." This pacified the child and, thinking the request was granted, the moment the man was through speaking she slipped from her seat and stood looking

round on the agitated, contending company, while the tears ran down her cheeks. In a voice choked with sobs she said,

"Let brotherly love continue."

And went back to her seat. The storm became a calm. The single sentence the Holy Spirit gave through the little child changed everything. Anger went. Bitterness dropped away. They all wept. The sinful man threw himself at the feet of the leader of the meeting and begged for forgiveness. Peace was restored, brotherly love did continue. A blessed revival was the result in which many people were added to the Lord.

The Holy Spirit teaches us how to pray. Ro. 8: 26.

A humble Christian used to ask God about all the places he visited in his mission work. One night he prayed about a saloon keeper, and the next day he visited him. He was rudely treated, but was quiet and kind. At last the rough fellow said, "I'll tell you what I'll do. If you can tell me how often the word girl occurs in the Bible, I will go to your meeting to-morrow night."

He took out his Bible, and in a moment found the passage, Joel 3: 3. The man was surprised, and said, "How did you know? I have asked that question of many ministers and not one could

tell me." The visitor told him that the night before he had asked God to guide him where to go, and his mind had been strongly directed to him. Just afterward he took down the concordance to look for another word and noticed this word girl and was struck by the fact that it was found only once in the Bible and marked the place in his mind.

God knew that this wicked man was going to make this the condition on which he would come to church, and this was His way of answering the Missionary's prayer. The man was so deeply impressed that it led to his conversion.

OUR PRAYER. Blessed Lord Jesus, open our hearts to receive the Holy Spirit. We ask Thee to empty our hearts of everything that does not please Thee, and to baptize us with the Holy Spirit. We do not understand all it means, but we want the best Thou hast for us. He said if we would open the door He would come in and we believe it. We receive Him. We praise Thee that He does come in to dwell.

Our Twenty-ninth Morning Glory.

PUNCTUAL.

"Be instant in season." 2 Ti. 4: 2.

"I will hasten my word to perform it." Jer. 1: 12.

"There is—a time to every purpose." Ecc. 3: 1.

(Mark with a red Do.)

It pays to be punctual.

One secret of Sheridan's great success was his always being punctual.

Of Washington it is said, that when his secretary on some important occasion was late, and excused himself by saying his watch was too slow, the reply was, "You will have to get another watch or I another secretary."

All the years that John Quincy Adams was in Congress, he was never known to be late. One day the clock struck, and some one said: "It's time to call the House to order." "No," was the reply, Mr. Adams is not in his seat yet." And it proved that he was punctual, while the clock was three minutes fast.

The head clerk of a large firm in Charlestown promised an old customer one day, half a bale of linen duck, to be on hand at one o'clock, when the man was to leave town with his goods. The

firm was out of linen and the clerk went over to Boston to buy some. Not finding a truckman, he hired a man to take it over on his wheelbarrow. Finishing other business, on his return to Charlestown the clerk found the man half way over the bridge, sitting on his barrow, half dead with the heat.

It was half past twelve, and the goods were promised at one. There was not a moment to lose. In spite of the heat, the dust, and his fine clothes, the young man seized the wheelbarrow, and pushed on.

Soon a rich merchant, whom the young man knew, riding on horseback, overtook him and said, "What! Mr. Wilder has turned truck man!"

"Yes, the goods are promised at one o'clock, and my man has given out; but you see I am going to be as good as my word."

"Good, good!" said the gentleman, and started on.

Calling at the store where the young man was employed, he told his employer what he had seen. "And I want to tell him," said the gentleman, "that when he goes into business for himself, my name is at his service for thirty thousand dollars."

Reaching the store in time, the clerk felt paid for all he suffered from the heat and fatigue.

This young man became one of the most eminent merchants of his day, and is known far and wide. His name was S. V. S. Wilder, the first president of the American Tract Society.

It is polite to be punctual.

When eight Quaker ladies had an appointment and seven were punctual, and the eighth, being a quarter of an hour too late, began to apologize for keeping the others waiting, the reply from one of them was: "I am sorry, friend, that thee should have wasted thine own quarter of an hour, but thee had no right to waste one hour and three quarters more of our time which was not thine own."

A good old lady asked why she was always so early in her seat at church, replied, "It is part of my religion not to distrust the worship of others." It is not only polite but pious to be punctual.

Lack of punctuality has often led to severe loss.

A condemned man was led to the gallows to die. Thousands had signed a petition for his pardon but none had arrived. The last moment came. The prisoner took his place on the drop. In a moment it was all over. Just then a horseman came in sight, his steed covered with foam. He had the pardon in his hand but he came too late.

Dear ones, where do you belong, with those who are punctual, or those who are apt to be

late? Here is a good way *to break the habit of being unpunctual*.

Take a small cardboard box, cut a slit in the cover and fasten the cover to the box with muci-lage. Write on it,

TARDY PENNIES FOR FOREIGN MISSIONS.

Whenever you are a moment late at meals, at prayer, at S. S., at church, at day school, at the office, or anywhere, put a penny in the box.

Always *plan to be punctual*.

"How is it that you are never late at Sunday school, Edwin?" they asked a boy. His Sunday school began a quarter before nine in the morning, and many of the children came straggling in all through the opening service; Edwin, never—he was always in time.

"Oh, I always plan," said Edwin. "I put the polish on my boots over night, I find my Bible and quarterly and place them in a safe corner. I brush and put on my Sunday clothes before breakfast. So after prayers I start in time to get there before the superintendent rings the school to order."

"And you don't lag by the way?"

"No," said Edwin. "It is better to be five minutes too early than one minute too late."

OUR PRAYER. Lord help us always to promptly fulfill every duty, to be punctual in our place at school, at church, at work, and everywhere.

Our Thirtieth Morning Glory.

PARADISE.

"I go to prepare a place for you." Jno. 14: 1.

(Mark with a yellow P.)

Little Carl was sitting on his mamma's knee and listening with wide open eyes to her story about the beautiful place which Jesus had gone to prepare for those who love Him. She told him how there was no pain, or sorrow, or anything to harm, but how all was beautiful in the sunshine of God's love. He listened, until his mother paused for a moment, then jumping from her lap, cried: "Let's get ready to go right away, mamma." Let little Carl's words be ours: "Let's get ready to go right away." Each day as we wake in the morning, let us remember that we are getting ready for Jesus; for He not only told us that He was going to prepare a place for us, but that He was coming to receive us unto Himself. Jno. 14: 2. Each hour that passes so swiftly by, either prepares or unfits us for the place Jesus has gone to prepare for us.

"I know the way to heaven," said little Minnie to little Johnny, who stood by her side, looking at a picture-book that Minnie had in her hand.

"Well, won't you tell me how to get there?" "O, yes, I will tell you. Just commence going up, and keep on going up all the time, and you'll get there. But, Johnny, you must not turn back."

A minister once asked his Sunday-school children, if there should be any such thing as strife in heaven, what they thought it would be about. "O sir," they replied, "there will be no strife there." "Well, but supposing there should be such a thing; what do you think it would be about?" "Well, sir," said one, "I suppose, if there be any contention, it will be *who shall get nearest to Jesus.*"

People have different ideas about Paradise. Robert Hall, who suffered for years with acute bodily pain, said to William Wilberforce, "My chief conception of heaven is *rest.*" "Mine," said Wilberforce, "is *love*—love to God, and love to every bright and holy inhabitant of that glorious place."

A Sunday School teacher asked his scholars what was their idea of Paradise. A ragged little urchin who had been born and brought up in a squalid street, said it was "all grass and green trees," one from the richer quarter of Boston said it was like a big, broad avenue, with tall houses on each side. A sweet voiced Episcopal choir-boy was of the opinion that people would sing a good deal in

heaven. The last member of the class—a quiet, thoughtful boy, one of the smallest, said, “A place where—where you’re never sorry.”

A little girl whose loving, gentle mother had died, and who was left to the care of others and to her father’s rough words said to her nurse, “In heaven, where my mother lives, everyone is kind, no one gets angry nor speaks loud. Isn’t that beautiful? How much I should love to be there, and never be afraid any more.”

A minister who had lost his child asked another minister to come and preach for him. He came and told how he lived on one side of a river, and felt little interest in the people on the other side until his daughter was married and went over there to live, and then every morning he went to the window and looked over that river and felt much concerned about that town and all the people there. So after our dear ones have left us we are apt to think more about God and the angels, and the mansion that Jesus is getting ready for us.

It will be a privilege to welcome to our heavenly mansion those we have won to Christ here. This was Paul’s hope and joy. 1 Th. 2: 19. A minister of Chicago sat in his home sick and discouraged when the door bell rang and a stranger entered. “Do you remember me,” he asked. “No,” said the clergyman. Then the

man said, "I can make you remember me. One day when you were in Galena you came to the wharf and asked a little boy if he didn't want to go to church and Sunday school. He said he didn't know what Sunday was, never had any; he was a cabin boy on that boat. You took him to a little hotel, and the owner hired him for an errand boy. Well, sir, I was that boy. I went to church, to Sunday school, was converted, and the last Sunday you were in Galena you baptized me. I've come three hundred miles out of my way to see you. I'm preaching the gospel in New York. I've a wife and three happy children, and all because you spoke to the little boy on the wharf." How suddenly rich and happy the good man felt as he looked into the face of the one his kindness had rescued. If we will do faithfully the little things God gives us to do, many a stranger will ring the bell of our heavenly mansion and, greeting us, say, "I can make you remember me; I am here because of your patience and love and kindness."

OUR PRAYER. Heavenly Father, we praise Thee for Jesus, who died for us, and rose again; who has gone to prepare a place for us; who is coming again to receive us unto Himself. Help us to watch and pray that we may be ready when Jesus comes.

Our Thirty-first Morning Glory.

PASSION.

"He shewed Himself alive after His passion." Ac. 1 : 3.

(Mark with a red t.)

This morning glory is the most beautiful of all the thirty-one we have gathered; because this Passion, of which Luke writes, always means the suffering of Christ in the garden and upon the cross. It tells of a love strong enough to suffer for us and to die for us.

Jesus left heaven and became a little babe because He loved us. A rich little girl who lives here in New York city and sleeps every night in a pretty little brass bed-stead, had heard her mother say that God was rich. She went to Sunday-school and they told her the story of Jesus' lying "in a manger." Lu. 2: 7, 12, 16. When she came home she climbed into her mother's lap, and said, "Mamma, there is one thing I can't understand. If God was so rich why did He let Jesus be born in a manger; why didn't He buy him a pretty little brass bed-stead just like mine?" I do not know what her mother told her, but the Bible says that though Jesus was

rich, yet for our sakes He became poor that we "through his poverty might be rich." 2 Co. 8: 9. So we see that Jesus was born in a manger, on earth, that we might one day live in a mansion, in heaven. Jno. 14: 2.

Jesus was hungry, Mk. 11: 12, that He might be the Bread of life to us. Jno. 6: 48.

Jesus was weary that He might give us rest. Jno. 4: 6; Mat. 11: 28.

Jesus "suffered being tempted" that He might be "able to succour them that are tempted." Mat. 4: 1; He. 2: 18.

Jesus was "exceeding sorrowful" that we might have "exceeding great joy." Mat. 2: 10; 26: 38; Jno. 15: 11.

Jesus was condemned that for us there might be "no condemnation." Ro. 8: 1.

Jesus tasted death that we might have everlasting life. He. 2: 9; Jno. 3: 16.

An infidel was teasing a poor old man about his religion. At last he said, "Well, what does it feel like, anyway?" The man said, "It feels like Jesus took my place and I took his." That is it, dear ones, Jesus took our place that He might give us His.

An old Indian put it this way: "Christ no die, me die, He die, me no die."

A little child was disobedient at breakfast time

and her father said to her gravely and sadly, "Carrie, go and stand outside the door for five minutes." The little one choked back a sob and did as she was told. But the moments seemed so long and her tears dropped on the mat, she was so grieved and ashamed. The five minutes were not nearly over when her little brother Johnnie pushed open the door and put his arms around her and said, "Carrie, go in, I'll be naughty instead of you," and pushed her in and shut the door. She stood there quietly until her father came and took her by the hand and led her to the table and kissed her and put her in her chair, and she knew that she was forgiven as much as though she had borne all the punishment, but oh! she longed that her little brother might come in! When the five minutes were ended he was called and the father took them both, the naughty child and the loving brother, and folded them in his arms, and the willful little one sobbed out her sorrow and gratitude as they were held close to the father's loving heart. Years went by and the child grew to be a woman. She saw one day that she was outside another door, separated from God by sin. Then she saw One who loved her, come and take her place, and put her into His place of nearness. She knew that she was forgiven for Christ's sake and drawn

close to God's heart of love. She had the joy of knowing the truth of the words of the poet:

"Payment God will not twice demand,
First at my bleeding Savior's hand,
And then again at mine.

We must not forget that God so loved us that he sent Jesus to die for us. Jno. 3: 16. God always loves us.

A little boy said to his baby sister, "don't do that, God won't love you if you do." The little one looked up and whispered confidently, "Es He will, budder. Dod always loves *me*; Dod dest don't love de naughty in me." This reminds us of a verse the beloved John wrote, "Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that He loved us." I Jno. 4: 10.

A little girl was playing with her doll while her mother was writing. After a while she called the child and took her on her lap. The little one said, "I am so glad, I wanted to love you so much, mamma." "Did you darling?" And she clasped her tenderly. "I am glad my daughter loves me so; but were you lonely while I wrote? you and dolly seemed to be having a happy time together." "Yes, mamma; but I got tired of loving her." "And why?" "Oh, because she never loves me back!" "And that is why you love me?" "That is *one why*, mamma; but not the

first one, or the best." "And what is the first and best?" "Why, mamma, don't you guess?" and the blue eyes grew very bright and earnest. "It's because you loved me when I was too little to love you back: that's why I love you so." This makes us think of another verse John wrote, "We love him because He *first* loved us." 1 Jno. 4: 19. He loved us before we knew Him and before we loved Him.

When we really know how Jesus loves us we want to love Him. A mother said one day to her little daughter: "How old will you have to be, darling, before you can love me?" "Why, mother, I always loved you; I do now," and she kissed her mother. "How old must you be before you can trust yourself wholly to me?" "I always did;" was the answer, as she climbed into her mother's lap, and put her arms about her neck. The mother asked again, "How old will you be before you can do what I want you to?" Then the child whispered, "I can now, without growing any older." "My darling, don't you want to begin now to be a Christian? All you have to do is to love and trust, and try to please the One who says, 'Let the little ones come unto me?'" The child whispered, "Yes." They knelt and the mother prayed and her little daughter became a Christian.

And when we love Him we want to tell others about Him. One time there was a wicked Indian who had killed many people: His name was Joe. He left his tribe, and fell in with some missionaries who were going to preach among the Cree Indians. They had a long distance to drive, and went in wagons. Joe became their driver. He hated religion, and when he saw a Bible or a hymn-book he scowled as if they were serpents. On the Lord's day, he would go off shooting game so as not to hear the preaching.

One hot Sunday in July, it was too warm to go hunting. So he crawled under the missionary's wagon to lie where he thought he would not hear the preaching. But the missionary who was to preach that Sunday, was ill because of the heat, so the one under whose wagon Joe lay, had to preach. The company gathered around the wagon, and Joe got up to leave; but it was so hot, and he was so lazy, that he lay down again on the ground right in front of the preacher and looked up at him with such angry eyes. The minister prayed in his heart that the Lord would help him tell Joe how much the Lord loved him. He then told how God gave rain and sunshine to all, and yet instead of loving Him they hated Him and His servants, and His Book. But He did not strike them down with lightning because they

hated Him. He sent His Son to die for them; and Jesus showed his love even to those who killed Him. And if men would only believe on His Son, He would forgive them and make them His true children. Joe listened earnestly, and never forgot that sermon. One day, walking beside another missionary, he said, "Didn't the preacher tell awful lies, that hot Sunday?" "Lies, Joe? I did not hear any." "He said the Great Spirit loved poor, wicked Indians. Wasn't that a lie?" "Not at all Joe; it is in the Book, that He loved us while we were in our sins." "But wasn't it an awful lie that the Great Father gave His Son?" "No, Joe; it is in the Book. 'God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.'" Jno. 3: 16. Then Joe said, "But it must be a lie, that he prepared a beautiful country for them." "No, that too is blessedly true. It is in the Book. Jesus, the Son of God said to sinful men whom He loved and had saved, 'I go to prepare a place for you.'" "Then missionary," said Joe, "I will stay with you, and never go on the war-path again." He stayed; a great change came over him. He worked among them, chopping wood and helping in other ways.

The small-pox broke out among the Indians,

and many died. Three daughters of one of the missionaries died, and a neighboring missionary came over to help him bury his children. A man came to him saying that a poor Indian was dying under a fence, and wanted to speak to him. He found him dying of that terrible disease, his face disfigured, his eyes blind. "Who are you?" asked the missionary, "are you Joe?" "Yes, I am Joe." "Is there anything you want to say to me, my dear friend?" "I am nearly gone, but it's all right. Only I would like you to take a message." "What is it, Joe?" "I can't see you, but I can see Jesus. You know that young man who preached that hot Sunday. And you know how my life has been changed since then. If ever you meet him, tell him that sermon made me a Christian. I will soon be with Jesus, and if the Good Spirit will let me, I will come down to the gates of heaven to meet him." How glad the minister was when he heard that God did help him that hot Sunday to tell Joe of a Savior's Passion, and lead the poor Indian to believe in Him.

OUR PRAYER. Blessed Lord Jesus, I believe You love me, I believe You died for me, I believe You receive me to be Your little child forever and forever, and I love You and I want You to be my Savior. I thank You for this love. Amen.

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